



A Breath of Summer



AN END - OF - SUMMER COLLECTION  
OF POEMS, SHORT STORIES, ESSAYS,  
GRAPHICS, SILKSCREENS, AND PHOTO-  
GRAPHY CREATED AND PRODUCED  
IN 1969 BY THE CAMPERS OF  
BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP,  
NEW MILFORD, CONNECTICUT.



## A Breath of Summer

The sails blossom in the rain and sunlight as they pull us into August and the remaining moments of an experience that we will cherish and carry with us for the rest of our lives, wherever we go.

Today it is raining, yet the sun shines as I pass people who bother to lift their wet eyelids to smile a greeting. The sun shines as the children slide and laugh in the pools of the rain, and I shine to see a smile even in the mist.

Each moment at Buck's Rock is so unique in its own way that we must pause to savor all of the sweet (and bitter) beauty of a summer too soon ended. The paradox of time: images thoughts confusion, sweet in their delay, shooting through seldom unlocked corridors. Moments on the lawn, a tear in the woods, a smile, the sleep that melts the mind at night, the uncomfortable blaze as the cabin door is flung open to the day.

We know the changes we had to make, from the first day and hour. The new voices, rooms, colors, winds, and laughter. Our reactions to a new way of life for many of us, and our thoughts of the harsh outside from a soft haven.

And the rain came and came; and further into ourselves we bored, perhaps discovering. Here maybe the summer was worthwhile. And we spread out from the close crowds to the anonymous moss-lake or the hidden waving crannies below an elm.

We grasped the precious time to be alone. To pursue our fading dreams: to sit and do the things that in the other time we shoved aside; to write the soft verse, to learn again how to love the wildflower and the aspen's motion.

And who can fairly note the wind's hoof during a storm, or the stream's limb as time takes flight? Is the Word able? Anyone, have you tried to see the breeze at dusk?

No closer at this moment will mankind come to perfection. The loves we've had a chance to make we must now recall. Until one time again we can take a breath of summer.

David Perkins





Ben Greene





Photo Essay by David Jaffee





like leaves thrown to the winds  
the hidden feelings carry,  
the time comes in spite of  
thorns that bite along the way  
forms killing their shadows  
leaving on occasion things  
to talk to, like themselves, alone  
but then they plant the  
  rivers  
that feed our hearts  
and send the song of the hunted  
through the eons





Bobby Stevens



July 1

So many new faces at Grand Central Station. I recognize only a few people in this crowd. And some of my good friends last summer seem so cold to me. But then, this is still New York. It's different. We're not in camp yet.

The trip is a long one. We get off the train at Stamford, I smile at a few people, then make sure my suitcase is on the cart that's being wheeled to the big, yellow buses. Phil Tavalin takes my picture; he is taking everyone's picture. The bus ride is pure torture. I am frantic with anticipation. All at once, Buck's Rock, which lay dormant under the snows of winter thoughts, is coming alive again. The ice is melting, and the bus, with every turn of its wheels, is drawing nearer.

And then we've arrived. Multitudes of people everywhere, everyone going somewhere, all with a purpose. And the sun is shining on the grass, and there are people sitting on the lawn, and a whole stream of pictures and songs flow through my mind.

It is after dinner and cabin problems are



settled. I've said hello to almost everyone from last year, and I'm still beaming. The place seems different, though, in as yet undiscernible ways. Or maybe it's me, or everyone else, or both of these, or neither. It doesn't really matter because I'm still happy.

Ernst's speech .... I wonder what the new campers think, and how they feel about the place. How would I feel? How did I feel last year? Well, the camp seemed tremendous, and I really didn't like the Girls House or the lunch lines, but the big thing was that I really didn't understand what was going on and it disturbed me. I hope that the new campers this year don't feel that way. I want them to get into Buck's Rock immediately. The speech is over, it is dark, and I have gotten my first mosquito bites. And I think, well, here are five hundred people, familiar and not, who have just been initiated into a new summer. There is something in the mixture of Ernst's voice over the microphone, people whose voices I remember, and my first mosquito bites that will make this occasion a memorable one.



July 2,3

These are the first two days of real camp. There is a Weeder's already on the presses, we see a movie, "The Bridge on the River Kwai," we attend a concert. The concert is a beautiful experience. The music is lovely, but what is still lovelier is when it begins to pour, and we all move inside the Music Shed, and the concert continues.

July 4

Independence Day, the Fourth of July. There is no celebration and no one expects one. It would be inappropriate - this is understood. But at night, when we see the film, "Buck's Rock '68," I cannot help feeling something akin to patriotism. For what? It's difficult to say, but it has to do with the entire country as well as the camp. Because, like it or not, Buck's Rock is in the United States, and much of what we do is affected by the state of the country. Most of what I feel as I watch the movie is nostalgia, and it engulfs me until I am almost in tears. Somehow, viewing yourself and all your friends as you looked a year ago in a movie taken in the same surroundings in which



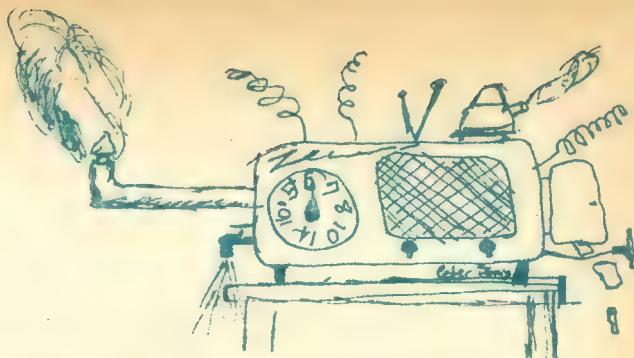
you now find yourself, is a strange experience.

July 5,6,7

These days run into each other. One night there is a folk concert. And the night after that, it rains. During the day, a handful of people show up to try out for Bill Korff's first play - I'm one. The first WBBC meeting draws a crowd.



*"Due to technical difficulties..."*



"... and now, WBBC, 640 on your AM dial, presents the news events of the day..."

Maybe five people (a liberal estimate) hear the broadcast on their radios. Possibly one will listen with any noticeable interest.

Perhaps this is not the voice of Buck's Rock, but the larynx. The true followers of Buck's Rock's "technical difficulty" have become oblivious to the fact that nothing BBC says or does leaves the confines of its lonely shack.

"Next, a special program concerning community control of..."

Three of the five have been advised by their counselors that they should not lie around their bunks, another has fallen asleep, and now the listening audience has been reduced to the grand total of one, and he happens to be BBC's JC on his hour off.

What is important, though, is that BBC is generally semi-operational; at least to the point that interested people may plan, write, and produce radio programs that can be taped and played over the air at that later date when WBBC should be fully equipped and in perfect working order.

The opportunities that BBC presents to an interested, imaginative Buck's Rocker are boundless, limited only by some semblance of good taste and the current operational status of our inconstant console. He can interview camp personalities or visitors, present a specialized music program, host a round-table discussion, read a story or poems, augmented, if he wishes, with a musical background masterfully engineered by competent CIT's, try his skill as a d.j. on a standard pop show, or stare intently at the MIT-trained counselors expertly flipping switches to determine what just blew up the tape recorder.

In addition, campers work with the staff to present feature radio plays such as The Ugly Duckling



(A.A. Milne) and The Informer (Bertolt Brecht), which are adapted for radio by BBC. This is perhaps the only serious aspect of BBC, mainly because the tapes will be given to WBAI for possible use in the fall.

Campers also take part in various classes concerned with teaching radio skills such as announcing (utilizing proper voice technique), ad libbing (necessary for those inevitable occasions when all does not go smoothly), and engineering. ("Now place the needle on the record... Good. See that fourth switch over there? Flip it up... OH NO! Not that switch!...Well, folks, due to technical difficulties...")

A regular at BBC also learns how to accept insult with a grain of salt: zombie-like, he manages totally to ignore all derogatory comments aimed at the station's non-operating non-condition. It is only due to this remarkable attitude that everyone working at Radio Freek Connecticut retains his sanity, in particular the dedicated counseling staff:

Even-tempered Al Winik leans dangerously over the console to watch the inoperative meter, and, of course, the needle gouges a four-inch ravine right through the record. As his scream is picked up by the microphone, the transmitter begins to smoke. Bob Steiner runs around the room swearing, then picks up a paper cup and runs for the water fountain. Everyone is evacuated as the tape on the recorder begins to melt and the on-the-air lights begin to glow for the first time all summer. Then Bill Sanders, who has been hearing the tumult over the radio in his bunk, calmly walks undaunted into the studio and pulls out the plug...

The next month, there is a massive campaign advertising that not only has all the broken equipment been restored, but the shop speakers actually function. It is time for the first show. Switches are pushed, turntables revolve, tubes glow, and then a voice speaks:

"And now BBC presents a special program for our listeners' interest and pleasure...."

Bill Sanders



July 8

Tonight, another movie, also political and also about war. This is "King and Country," a gory philosophical treatise on military justice. I am not shocked by it, nor do I find it particularly engrossing. I can see the point of showing the movie, and others of its kind, but this does not make my attitude toward it any more favorable. As Ernst says, "This is not a movie to be enjoyed." And so, not because I want to shelter myself but simply because I'm tired and bored, I leave before the end.

July 10

Wednesday night is syndrome, a treasure hunt. It is so called because the names of the teams are psychiatric puns. There is not a large turnout for the game I attend, and it is great fun. I find that I can decipher many of the clues because I am familiar with the camp. For some reason, this makes me very happy. Our team, the Repressives, wins. But then there are the inevitable cries that "someone cheated," and so judging is postponed for another day.



July 11

Tonight is the night of the forum on the New Left, moderated by Alan Winick. I am prepared for an emotional discussion of revolutionary tactics, and this is, in part, what I get. But Matt and Francie speak of non-violence - that pleases me. And Randy discusses (of all things) The American Dream. The others, for the most part, scare me, especially Glenn. It's not his tactics that shake me - I've heard them all before, as most of us have - but the fact that society has bred such discontent. Yes, this seems to be the fault of the Establishment, and I agree that we must try to correct it. But as to the violent methods proposed by some, I cannot give my approval. At one point in the forum I try to raise the question of morality, but someone tells me that this is neither the time nor the place to discuss such a question. What better time or place?



*"...in a world that is  
disgustingly conformist."*

During the past year or so, I have always looked forward to the three or four trips our family took to New York. There I could walk around the scene of the Columbia riots, stare at the SDS members, read countless terrible underground newspapers, and see, everywhere, posters for so many peace demonstrations that I wondered how anyone had time to go to them all. I just drank in the happiness of being around people who cared. I loved it, but I never thought I could be a part of it.

Here at Buck's Rock, although not too many people are avidly interested in politics, almost everyone is "politically aware" and holds some opinions which, for the most part, concur with mine. Almost all agree that we should pull out of Vietnam. Communism and socialism are considered as systems of government and not as huge, vicious monsters trying to take over the world. And few people fear that if the United States adopts a policy of disarmament, the world will be taken over by these monsters. No one is for Wallace here. No one gapes horrifiedly at me because I support draft resistance. (According to the more radical campers, I am practically a fascist!) Unlike the unbelievably apathetic teenagers in my city, Bethesda, Maryland, an unusual number of campers have participated in political activities; many have marched in peace demonstrations, quite a few have worked in campaigns, and some have even worked on underground newspapers. It is comforting to find, for the first time, people who think like you do, and interesting to talk to people who have participated in political activities which, before, you had only read about.

Yet a certain narrow-mindedness has been very evident this summer. This restricted political atmosphere produces a feeling that a leftist position is the only one in existence, and the only one that has any worth. Often campers are unwilling to listen to and respect any opposing position. They refuse to realize, for example, that the people of New Milford have a right to their own way of life and their own opinions, even if these do not generally agree with ours.

Considering the interest, there are surprisingly few political discussions. There are some possible reasons



for this. There is little difference among general viewpoints, so there isn't too much to argue about. Many campers come from New York City, where there is constant political activity. Since radical political atmosphere is nothing new to them, when they come to Buck's Rock, they choose to concentrate more on the creative arts than on politics. Also, they're probably fed up with politics, and in this place, where they do not have to think about them, choose not to. On the other hand, I come from Maryland, where there are hardly any radical activities. I would like more discussions and forums.

This year's campers have been labeled extremely cynical. To an extent, this is valid; it reflects a cynical trend in the feelings of the entire country. The moon shot was treated with contempt by quite a few campers; a suggestion that we sing "We Shall Overcome" brought groans. But like all negative observations, this cynicism is exaggerated. For all the talk of revolution, peace is the main cause at Buck's Rock. Peace symbols---necklaces, key chains, patches, buttons, posters, rings, earrings---far outnumber little red buttons. Francie Camper's pacifist speech at the New Left Forum brought the most applause of any. And despite political objections, most people found themselves excited by the moon shot. Even the Trotskyites cannot be considered cynical because their philosophy, unlike Stalinism, is based on the amazingly idealistic belief that men can completely govern themselves, that, after the revolution, "the state will just wither away."

Although our views are similar, I find most campers farther to the left or not as idealistic as I am. I did not particularly enjoy being labeled a conservative when I felt I was actually more radical than the people I was arguing with. And I wonder how many campers have searched their minds and come up with radical policies, or whether they are just products of their environment.

But who cares? It is enough, for me, to be around people whose idea of politics is not waving a flag or "killing off the Commies," people who are different in a world that is disgustingly conformist.

Wendy Nimer



July 12, 13

This is an exceptionally rainy weekend. It is also rather strange — my parents come up. It isn't that I don't want to see them; it's simply that they don't fit into my idea of Buck's Rock and so it is disturbing to see them superimposed upon it.

Sunday night is a folk concert, given by Mr. Carl Finger. Unlike other folk sings, we actually get involved in this one. Our voices are much louder than usual and you can almost feel a community spirit in the air. Because it is so different from sings, I enjoy it immensely.

July 14

Today is Bastille Day. Usually, the CITs do something special for the occasion, but this year they have decided to dispense with the tradition. Perhaps they only do it for the sake of breaking a custom; even so, it's no great loss as far as I'm concerned. Why should we celebrate this bloody occasion any more than the Fourth of July?

July 15

Tonight is a movie, "Requiem for a Heavyweight." It's excellent but it's not the highpoint of the evening.



This occurs during Ernst's pre-movie remarks, which are concerned mainly with the town of New Milford. First, he reads a letter from the women in the Thrift Shop; it suggests that we have stolen some goods. Ernst expresses the hope that they are mistaken and I hope so too. Then Ernst reads the next letter and I open my ears wide: a New Milford lady protests a camper's wearing of a jacket with an American flag stitched on its back. Ernst reads us his answer: that such styles are set by fashion magazines, that if she wants to get to the root of the "problem" she should contact them, that the flag is used for decorative purposes on articles of clothing, even bathing suits. Much of his reply brings laughter. And when he finishes, signing it "Doctor" Ernst Bulova (the lady had called him "Mister"), we gave him a standing ovation. I have always respected Ernst, but that respect increased so much tonight.

July 16

Today is the day of the moon shot, but there is not much excitement in camp. I am no more enthusiastic than anyone else. It all seems so remote. It is the hottest day so far, and everyone is miserable. Not



only that, but the "intestinal virus" is going around. I have been lucky so far; it has missed me.

July 17

The heat wave continues. BBC has been off the air for several days now because the shop lines are broken and we don't have a transmitter. Hopefully, it will go back on the air tomorrow. I am inside the Publications Shop most of the day. Bob Eigenberg and the crew are running off Weeder's 3.





## The Eigenberg Devious Plan

"Damm it, Matthew,  
how you ever got into Pro-  
duction I'll never know!"

"No, throw the stencils on  
the floor."

"Lou, I'll give you my ten-year old shorts with  
the hole in them if you'll take Matt into Literary.  
Fine!"

"Matt, get in there and fix that machine!"

"'Blow wind!' Come back here, David Perkins!"

"Good, Joel, break another machine."

"Ink the roller again? Good girl. Keep it up."

"I know, I know. I never work; I was born to  
supervise."

And so it goes for Mad Bob Eigenberg, inventor of  
the Eigenberg Devious Plan. Bob supervises the Pro-  
duction Division of the Publications Shop, is funny  
and insane and doesn't work. What does he do? He fixes  
tired machines, slipsheets, works the dummies (?),  
hands out Quickie, curses, counts and orders paper and  
ink. He adds, "I yell at poor defenseless little girls  
in my lecherous way, make funny little witties, yell  
at Joel, laugh at Matthew..."

During the year Bob teaches fourth through sixth





grade at P.S. 161 in Harlem. Unlike the conventional teacher, he does not teach basics to his kids. What does he teach? "Not a thing." He says that he and his kids "rap a lot" about anything on their minds---about life, people, and how to break out of the system. He tries to get his students to think for themselves. Most learn to trust him and communicate with him, yet when he sees them two years later, they are back in "the same bag" as when they came to him. The system takes hold of them again, and, as Bob puts it, "pollutes them." They slowly forget all that he has taught them about thinking for themselves. "My greatest asset is that I've built a trust with my children. They come back to me for advice, but that does not necessitate their taking it."

Although the background of his students differs from the background of the campers at Buck's Rock, Bob notes that they have the same problems in growing up. "Both are in rebellion against their 'society.' The kids in Harlem are looking for everything the Buck's Rock kids already have; that is, what society has not yet given them. The Buck's Rock kids are rebelling against all that they have, which came too easily."

Bob likes Buck's Rock: "I enjoy the idea of doing whatever you want, with no one really pressuring you." I asked what he thinks he is accomplishing here: "Grey hairs, ulcers..." and in a high falsetto, "I'm allowing children to come in fine contact with me."

Bob says he likes to "entertain" himself. "I find this quite difficult to do in the city." Although he has set up equipment for photography and silversmithing in his own apartment, he can barely afford these means of entertainment. The city means nothing to Bob and he says he has no ties in it.

Bob expects to teach in Harlem for one more



year. Next June he and three friends are moving to Vermont. "I hope to teach on the college level for a few years to earn money, and then my friends and I will each buy forty acres of land adjacent to each other. We will build our own homes and make our own clothes. I plan to build my own shops in photography, wood, ceramics, silversmithing, and leathercraft."

Each year Bob would like to bring to Vermont about ten kids from Harlem who would stay with him for two months. He hopes eventually to start his own school, one that would be similar to Summerhill. What Bob is preparing to set up is not a commune, but a community. When I mentioned the word commune to him, he just laughed and said that was why he was setting up a community. He thinks that communes don't work because of "the divergent views of the people who work in them. Everyone's got his own ideas."

Will his community work? Bob is positive it will. "Anything I put my mind to will work, provided the rest of the world doesn't get in my way." And what of the Eigenberg Devious Plan? "The Eigenberg Devious Plan? (Chuckle, chuckle, chuckle). If the Yearbook doesn't make it, we burn the shop down! And Bookie gets a new Print Shop."

Leonore Gordon







July 18, 19

"The Sheepwell" was presented Saturday night. Despite its being a rather archaic piece, I think it was a success. The acting was quite good, and the lighting, scenery and costuming were excellent. This was the first play of the season, and it was also the first Buck's Rock stage play I have ever seen from the audience. How did I feel? Very excited, actually. In a way, it was a relief not to be "on" or backstage. But, of course, I vowed to try my hardest to get a part in the next play.

July 20

Tonight is Neil Armstrong's space walk. A steadily growing crowd gathers around a small T.V. set outside the ham shack. Silence, tension, waiting. Serious faces, occasionally a spontaneous smile (when someone realizes what is happening). Nervous scorn of the newscasters to hide excitement. When Armstrong steps out (finally), applause. Then silence. I get up to leave, but first I look around. I hadn't realized that so many people were watching. They are all so quiet now.



July 21

This morning there is a Lampoon meeting. The theme is going to be "Buck's Rock on the Moon."

WBBC is on the air today. This is a rare occasion, indeed. I hope its good luck holds out. The evening activity is "My Darling Clementine," a "rip-roarin' western" (quote from Ernst). It is totally a political. It is also the only movie I've sat through since camp began.

July 22

Second try outs for "Once in a Lifetime" are held today. It's a very funny play about the dilemma in Hollywood when the Talkies came in.

The activity tonight is Fold. There are silk-screened signs reading "Unfold Fold" all over camp. Fold turns out to be a chaotic free-for-all, with music, art, movies, and various other happenings. Many people come attired in strange costumes. On the stage there are musicians and dancers, and one of the girls pulls me up. I am hardly a dancer myself, but I take off my shoes and soon I, too, am performing. Many people feel that Fold is too unorganized. I like it, though.



July 23

The cast list for "Once in a Lifetime" is posted today, I get a part. I am very pleased and determined to work hard because the play will be presented in a little over a week.

July 24

This is one of the more important days: the trip to Stratford to see "Hamlet." Many of my friends say that they feel uncomfortable about wearing dressier clothing to the theater, but I find it a refreshing change. There are mixed opinions about the play, which is uncut and runs for three and one half hours.

July 25 - August 1

It rains steadily. Everything is muddy and wet, and people are generally depressed. I like grey, cloudy skies and wet grass occasionally, but these constant downpours make me long for the sun.

At about 8:30 on the night of July 28, a white convertible carries a large, profusely decorated beaverboard space capsule on a slow cruise along the Bude's Rock Road. It turns at the oak tree and proceeds past the Girls House and Boys House. About twenty feet behind the vehicle come a bevy of leotard-clad, body-painted girls chanting "Hare Luna." The "space vehicle" comes



to a stop in front of the social hall porch where a folk sing that has been in progress is interrupted by the strains of the "Blue Danube Waltz." Suddenly, Ernst, in full space garb, steps out of the capsule. He wears a silver space suit (courtesy of the friendly costume shop), silver boots, and a football helmet, and he is carrying a silver plunger and a large, plastic container labeled "Prune Yogurt." He is led to a microphone on the porch and delivers an impassioned speech on the wonders of his trip. It is particularly stirring to hear him speak of the "other worlds" of Lincoln Farm and Shaker Village which, he reports, "are surrounded by a thick cloud of smoke." The audience cheers repeatedly. Then the Lampoon issue of Weeder's is distributed and the crowd disperses.

On Thursday, July 31, there is a creative writing-art trip to Kent Falls...







## After the Falls

During the days following the trip to Kent Falls, I often wondered why it was so good? There was the obvious reason that it was a change from the routine of a Buck's Rock day; but that wasn't all of it, for I had been on other trips and hadn't felt the same way. At Kent Falls, I felt freer, more open, and, in some ways, better than I had since the first day of camp. After some thought, I realized that this feeling had more to do with what didn't happen than with what did happen that day.

At Kent Falls, there was no pressure put on us to be creative. No one had the feeling that he should be doing anything, and in most cases, we didn't want to do anything. We just wandered in some very beautiful surroundings and related with one another. What happened on the trip did not happen because someone had planned it; it happened because of our feelings at the time.

The only writing class of the day was led by Charlie Haas. It consisted of just listening to music and poetry, while we wrote down whatever feelings we might have had at the moment. Nothing special was created---only a very good feeling in all those who participated.

Interestingly enough, many of the campers who went on the trip to write worked in paints and pastels instead. For some, it was the first sketch or painting of the summer. I suspect that they did this not to be creative, but to get closer to the beautiful environment.

A good portion of the day was spent just sitting on the rocks of the many waterfalls and talking. To me, this seemed to be precisely the "nothing" which Ernst had told me not to do. But it felt great to be doing it.

I'm sure that everyone who went will agree that there was something terribly right about Kent Falls. When it was all over, Lou Simon said it all, when he suggested (in jest?) that we return every day to tape and film everything that would happen, and that we produce the results as our Yearbook.

Kent Falls was a real trip. It took some campers away from Buck's Rock, where they had the freedom to do almost anything, and brought them to a beautiful park where they also had the freedom to do almost nothing. Most campers, after a month of Buck's Rock, took the day off.

Part Diener



August 2

Miraculously, the rain has stopped. Bill is afraid of more rain, so the play begins early. It goes well and everyone is great. The most wonderful part is that everyone enjoys it. We have fun performing and the audience has fun watching us - they even clap to the music.

August 3

Today is our trip to Tanglewood. The sun is shining. The Boston Symphony Orchestra performs a program that includes Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. I am fascinated by the lawns at Tanglewood. The grass is very short and soft and green, a pleasant contrast to the tall, scratchy, pale stuff we have at Buck's Rock.







## Experiment at Tanglewood

One could be tempted to write the ordinary article about the camp trip to Tanglewood: I came, I saw, I ate lunch, I heard, and I left. Not I. For my third year, I decided to do something a bit different. Having conferred beforehand with various counselors and with Ernst, I donned a poor imitation of a white shirt (beige), black Levis, black loafers, a white tie, and a pair of tails; I was going to conduct a psychological experiment. I used for my control group the city of New York. Having strolled through the streets of New York on a spring evening in like costume, I was familiar with the reactions of people living in continual contact with aberrant behavior. How about people living in less deviant communities?

The experiment then: While on the bus, I of course attracted no attention; Buck's Rockers were, after all, used to me. And even when I got off the bus, I was ignored by the parking lot attendants. I felt, at first, that this was a studious attempt to look casual. This, I was later to find, was completely false. We ate lunch, and I prowled through the bookshop, debating whether or not to purchase a polyethylene bust of Beethoven. Upon finding that the 5 1/4" version cost a dollar more than the 4 1/2" version, I decided against it and walked out. The shopkeeper, about 20, goggled at my dress. Aha! My first subject! Recording age, style of dress, race, and sex of my subject, I wended my way through the vast crowd, and settled down to listen to the concert. Here again, my dress proved of value. I walked in and took a \$4.00 seat at random, and the usher never even blinked. It is all a matter of looking as if you know what you're doing. (See my unpublished monograph, "Gate-Crashing, Seat-Swiping, and the Great Art of Impostering").

During intermission, I had a number of intriguing reactions, from which I discovered that, for the most part, race and sex were of no consideration. During the concert again, I attracted a little more attention (some of the patrons had noticed me on their way out for intermission), and a very nice compliment was paid me at the end: while I was applauding, my picture was taken. It was supposed to be a candid shot, so I tried to appear nonchalant. I hope that the photographer was satisfied with the resultant photograph. Again, at the end, I attracted a few more



stares, and then we boarded the bus and returned home.

The findings: To begin with, not one person who stared at me spoke to me; there was an obvious urge apparent, but breeding, ethics, and other whatnot held them back, much to our mutual chagrin. As to the actual results, between the ages of 5 and 25, the most frequent reaction was complete shock. The subject could only stand and stare, mouth usually wide open, following my movements with his eyes. From 26 to 35, a rather disdainful look was cast my way, or sometimes disgust changing to shock changing to a wide smile. From about 36 to 59, there was no reaction at all, as in the 1 to 4 group, and from 60 on, the general reaction was a smile and a whispered, "Oh, isn't he cute?"

I hope to be able to correlate these results, by age-groups, with efficiency tables and tables showing reactions of people under stress, or exposed to an unfamiliar situation. We may be able to draw some valuable and valid conclusions therefrom.

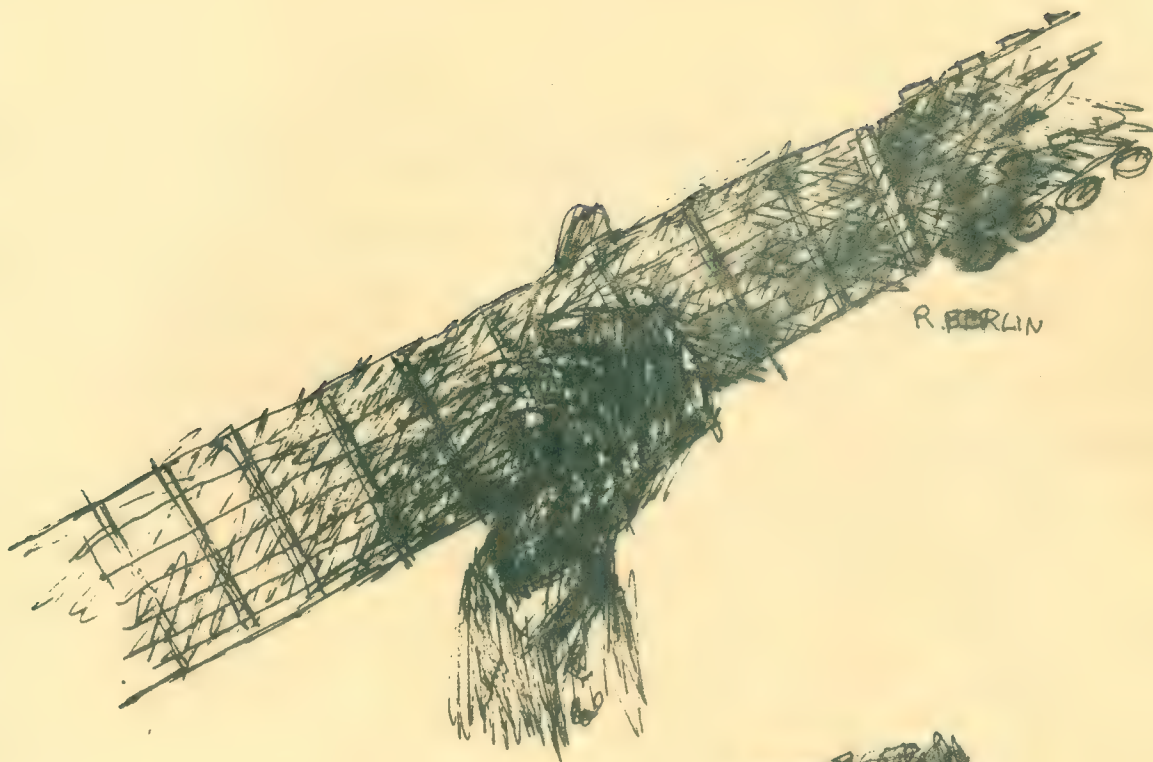
Incidentally, I enjoyed the concert immensely.

Gregg H.S. Golden

August 4, 5

On Tuesday, August 5, the Reverend Gary Davis comes to camp. It's exciting to see a man who has been spoken of so much at camp, but it's not the sort of emotion that can be articulated. His wife and granddaughter come, too, and they are very nice. He leaves after his evening concert.





## The Reverend Gary Davis

To see him at first is almost frightening. He's old. Not the way 35 is old to us, but old, 73 years old. And he's blind---we want him to see us and he can't. His face isn't all that friendly either; it's foreboding, in a perpetual scowl. We're afraid to speak to him, afraid we'll say the wrong thing. He asks and answers questions bluntly, without hesitation. He's different, very different, and he knows we're afraid of him.

We had all known he was coming, *Reverend Gary Davis*. Our excitement had been building up for over a week, hearing every other person say, "He's coming, *Gary Davis* is coming."

It was strange once he arrived, and Roy was showing him and his wife around camp. There was an ever-growing crowd following him and what seemed like hundreds of cameras clicking simultaneously. We crowded out of the shops to see him, coming closer but keeping distance, everyone passing the word: "He's here, *Gary Davis* is here." We were all very tentative, even cautious. We wanted him to like Buck's Rock. We wanted him to be impressed.

Then he was up on the lawn in a chair, the rest of us on the grass around him. He began to play---rich, warm, incredible music, beauty all its own. "He's playing, *Gary Davis* is playing." *Gary Davis*, still the name, not yet the person. More cameras clicking, tape recorders going, microphones held as close as we dared. We can't take our eyes off him---watch him, look at him, he's *Gary Davis*. Scarcely breathing, scarcely moving. He's talking to us---answer quickly, enthusiastically. Laugh, laugh when he jokes, be sure to laugh at the right times. It's *Gary Davis*. Please play some more, but we don't dare ask him. Wait---

Listen, listen to the music, listen to that guitar. It's real, simple, direct, pure music that he plays, that he sings in a deep, guttural, rough voice. There are fewer cameras now, fewer microphones. Relax---not too much, just a little---lean back. Beginning to listen, beginning to hear it. Still watching him though, he's



smiling now as he plays. Relax a little more. The cameras have stopped. The music is all, all-encompassing. We're listening, hearing it, touching it with all our senses, feeling its beauty, his beauty. The music becomes the man, direct, basic, warm, real. Our initial fear becomes very distant, unimaginable. He jokes with us some more. His humor is simple, all the more relaxing. He has us now, he's spoken to us and we've answered.

The level of communication is even greater at the evening concert. All our stiffness is gone, and he knows this and can relax even more. He's entirely himself, again talking and joking with us, asking us to sing with him, letting the music bind us together. We burst into roars of applause after each song, in gratitude, in thanks. And when he has sung the last song, we rush to shake his hand, to kiss him.

After he left that evening, the feeling he had brought and shared with us remained. He's a part of us now, he's a part of Buck's Rock.

Reverend Gary Davis

Francie Camper



Ray Bockbinder

July 16

Don. Durham  
1969



August 6-9

The Actors Workshop presents three one-act plays on Friday evening. They are "The Boor," "Childhood," and "The Sandbox." Done with a minimum of props, lights, and sound effects, they focus on acting techniques taught in the Workshop.

Saturday night is Dance Night, a beautiful, impressive evening. "Later for the Fish," a spoof on camp personalities, choreographed by Amy Bauman, delights everyone.

August 10

There are only thirteen days of camp left. The summer has gone so quickly; I am not yet ready to go home. There are so many things I'd planned to do that I haven't. I wanted to sew a skirt, paint in oils, take modern dance. I look back and see exactly what I've accomplished, which shops I have frequented most - Publications, BBC, Drama. I also tie-dyed some material for a skirt I never made. But that's all. It seems so little, yet I've certainly been busy. Well, there's always next year. But somehow I know that next year I'll be caught up in the same cycle, doing the same things as I did last year and this year. I guess I shouldn't look at it from such a negative point of view. After all, these are the activities that I chose because I love them the best.

Perhaps the activities I've neglected the most here have been the farms. When I think about the agricultural beginnings of the camp I almost feel guilty. Even though the emphasis is so different now, sometimes I feel that the true Buck's Rockers are those who work on the farms, and that I, who



am so involved in verbalizing, analyzing, and visualizing the camp, really don't know what it's all about.



David Miner





Daniel Pearl



Gary Carbo

## Moo Baa Bleat Cluck Cheep

Morning at the Buck's Rock Animal Farm. The gong rings. The calves push against the gate, anxiously awaiting their food. The sheep lie peacefully in their pen: "The food will come to us---we won't go to it." The goats jump over each other, trying to reach the three buckets of milk we have for them.

Rich: How many people here this morning?  
Only six?

Diana: Wait a minute...more are coming. I wonder if they'll work?

Over the years, interest in the Animal Farm has been waning. Campers today prefer to make things for themselves, rather than for and with others. Buck's Rock seems no longer to be a work camp in the true sense of the word. But Buck's Rock originated as a work camp to help farmers in New Milford during the war. These people who helped to build Buck's Rock worked as a community. The war effort kept them together.

John: And now, ladies and gentlemen, it is time to clean up the pig pen.

Gerri: Sign me out please!

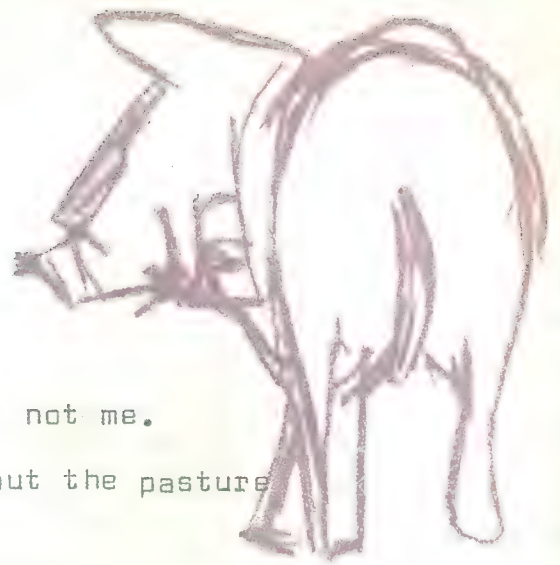
Barbara: Me too!

John: Chickens!!!

Bob: Oh no! We forgot to milk Daisy!

Naomi: I have left front udder.





Joel: Hey, mine's dry.

Naomi: Look, stupid, the bucket, not me.

Rikki: Why didn't anyone clean out the pasture before I sat down?

Joel: Rich, she put her foot in the bucket!

When the war ended, the neighborhood farmers no longer needed our help. During the post-war period, though, the camp worked to raise money to help some of the victims of the war. But over the years, Buck's Rock has become more and more oriented toward creative rather than toward physical work. It is the urge to be creative that, today, keeps us together. Working at the farm, though, you still get the satisfaction of knowing that you are caring for something and keeping it alive. If we don't work together, the animals go hungry.

Judy: My calf won't take the milk. What should I do?

John: Give him your finge---hey, wait a minute---how many times have you fed that calf?

Working at the farm is an experience in "community relationships." Although it may not be the real reason we go there, this feeling is an important part of farming. We love the animals and try our best to make them look and feel healthy. There is a goal for us: to have, at the end of the summer, an animal that is well-groomed, well-trained, and well-cared for.

Erica Babad  
Naomi Rabinowitz





August 11

Tonight there is a lovely concert in the music shed. The madrigal and recorder groups perform Baroque music almost exclusively. The performers are dressed for the occasion, the girls wearing long skirts and the boys wearing harem pants, sashes, and shirts. During the interlude Bob Blumenfeld tells the story of "The Snow Queen," and towards the end, a group of "monks" in ponchos, led by Ernst, silently marches into the audience.

August 12

Steve Pearce leads a "Rumor Clinic" in the music shed and we see how easy it is to distort the truth.

August 13

The feature film this evening, "Best of Enemies," is preceded by "Coat from Heaven," a film short made in Czechoslovakia.

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## Religion - Pure and Applied

"I guess you can call me a purist," says Steve Pearce, publications counselor, entering the third of five years of study at Hebrew Union College's Jewish Institute of Religion in preparation for the Rabbinate. "I believe that Judaism should be viewed as a way of solving life's problems."

After he finishes his studies, Steve plans to continue his present work with young people. During the winter, he is involved with fifteen-to-seventeen-year-old members of a Bell Harbor, Queens, congregation. His group is active culturally---members have raised money for Biafra and are starting a library. Once a month, the group meets at a member's house for "A Session in New Dimensions." Here is a working application of Steve's interpretation of Judaism---puristic and practical. He has found that many young people have been losing interest in Judaism because they are unable to participate in the ritual. "A Session in New Dimensions" is an attempt to renew their interest in Judaism.

Each session begins with a short creative service. Then, there is an open discussion, frequently led by a guest speaker. During the preceding month, members were sent study material on the subject to be discussed. Typical subjects discussed during the past year were "Jewish Youth and the Sexual Revolution," "Thirtieth Anniversary of Krystal Nacht," "Dreams," and "What is Man." Steve points out that the format of "A Session in New Dimensions" is not a new idea. "Judaic worship was originally conducted in this fashion: only recently has the discussion period been omitted. Two thousand years ago, services began when a minyan (ten or more men) were present. After the services, discussions on community problems were held and notes were recorded. The Talmud and other books are compilations of these records.

Steve enjoys emphasizing how much of the ancient literature is still relevant. In the session on "Dreams," he mentioned that "Freud thought he was starting something new---most of what he said is in the Talmud. The

Mishnah divides wars into three classes: a purely defensive war, like the Six Day War, in which "even the bridegroom from the bridal chamber" must fight; a protective war, in which the more cowardly need not fight; and the purely offensive war, like the Vietnam War, in which the decision to fight is completely personal. Says Steve, "The ancient Judaic teachings are most relevant for today. After all, having lived through thousands of years, Jews must have encountered all sorts of problems. The record of their findings comprises a phenomenal body of ethical standards."

"The retention of the Sabbath," says Steve, "is necessary in our society. Without the division of the Sabbath from the other six days, the American home degenerates into a railway station---everyone coming or going, sometimes meeting someone else by chance. At Buck's Rock, days blend without distinction into an endless summer. In this respect, Buck's Rock is spiritually bankrupt."

When questioned about specific customs of the Sabbath, his puristic viewpoint is evident. "The Sabbath was not intended to be restrictive, but to be a distinction." For the distinctions, he refers directly to the Bible, not to interpretive literature. The Bible says that we must not make animals work on the Sabbath. Later rabbis interpreted this as an injunction against riding. But nowadays, riding a car does not make an animal work, so he sees nothing wrong with driving. The entire set of regulations relating to the separation of milk and meat was derived from the Biblical injunction not to "see the kid in its mother's milk." But the Bible meant no such divisions---it was referring to a sect of non-Hebrew people who had a custom of cooking the kid in its mother's milk.

Steve points out that although Judaism is not dying, it faces the equivalent danger of complacency. "Since 1940, the number of American congregations has tripled. The problem is not that Americans don't want to call themselves Jews, but that some don't care about their Jewish heritage. The division between those who care and those who don't care for Judaism's preservation is far more important than the divisions between Orthodoxy, Conservatism, and Reform. An overgrowth of complacency can lead to what happened in Nazi Germany. Many Jews fail to accept the possibility of this happening in America."

"The preservation of Judaism," says Steve, "is important in that we are preserving not merely a religion, but a way of life---the highest ethical standards that man can rise to." Perhaps these standards are best summed up in one of Steve's favorite Biblical quotes; "It hath been told thee, O Man, what is good, and what the Lord doth require of thee: Only to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

Jon Victor



## Film Shorts

The movie schedule this year was nicely accentuated by eleven film shorts---animated and not, sound and silent, narrative and fantasy, color and black-and-white. All were interesting, creative, and original.

"The Critic," which won an Academy Award for Ernest Pintoff and Mel Brooks, is an animated film of "things" (geometric shapes) moving about the screen. It is a hilarious film, magnificently executed. The critic, a Yiddish-sounding, off-screen voice, frequently inquires: "What da hell is that?" You get the feeling that this old, loud, obnoxious man, who can't shut up, is sitting behind you. It pokes fun at abstract art by using everyday language and simple designs. Another animated film which uses similar techniques is "Boynng." It did not require much sophisticated photography to show the foibles and follies of human behavior through the movement of simple shapes in the aftermath of an auto accident.

"The Day of the Painter" was a good film, but it made its point well before its conclusion. It depicts a painter who lays out a large canvas and dumps, drips, splatters, and sloshes paint all over it. He then saws the canvas into smaller canvasses of different shapes and sells one to an art dealer. Could it be that the artist didn't attach any importance to his work and just wanted money? Well, that depends upon the viewer.

"Gertie the Dinosaur" is, to say the least, a very unusual short. This 1909 film was the first cartoon of any major importance ever to be produced. It is the story of a bet that Winsor McCay, a New York cartoonist, made, that he could make a dinosaur "come alive." Through the process of animation, he created an amusing film and won his bet.

W.C. Fields is the master of comedy. This summer his shorts, "The Fatal Glass of Beer" and "The

Pharmacist" were shown. "The Fatal Glass of Beer" is about Fields in the Yukon. It is in this film that Fields coins the phrase, "T'ain't a fit night out for man or beast." In "The Pharmacist" Fields plays a drugstore owner with many problems---a daughter who eats birds, an obnoxious wife, and a bank robber who hides in his store---but, "ah, yes," Fields comes through in the end.

The photography in "Dream of Wild Horses" was excellent, capturing in slow motion the freedom and grace of a group of wild horses on a beach. "Sky," like "Dream of Wild Horses," demonstrates a fine use of film-making techniques. It records a day in Western Canada where the mountains and the prairies meet. It is a film showing nature in her grandest moments: the beauty of majestic mountains, the softness of fluffy white clouds, the beauty of glistening dew on the trees, and the brilliance of the color of the sky at sunset.

"The Daisy," an animated Czech film, depicts a man trying to uproot a daisy. Because of his insensitivity, all the tools he uses to kill it, including a bulldozer, are unsuccessful---the daisy remains intact. Finally, after the man has been hurt by his own dynamite, a little girl comes along, is overcome by the simple beauty of the daisy, and plucks it. It seems that beauty is meant only for those who appreciate it and that it cannot be destroyed by those who are insensitive to it.

"The String Bean" is a gentle film about a little old lady, completely alone in the world, except for a string bean plant. It grows and she moves it to a spot in a large, beautiful public garden which she had admired and thought to be the nicest location for her plant. After a number of days, she finds some ground keepers digging it up. She pulls the beans from the rejected plant, and from them she takes a seed and starts anew. The photography was interesting. The contrast between the scenes in the lady's house, which were in black-and-white, and the outdoor scenes, which were in color, created a fine effect.

Filmmaking is an art. The shorts we saw this summer were proof of this. The sensitivity of such films as "Sky" and "The Stringbean," the beauty captured by "Dream of Wild Horses," and the ideas of "The Daisy" and "Day of the Painter" all demonstrated the potential and the versatility inherent in this old-new medium.

David Bronston



August 14

You can tell that the end of camp is near. Everyone is wondering how they will get their projects done in time. Wherever I go - the science lab, the woodshop, the art studio - people are anxiously trying to finish their work by Festival. In publications, we are busy working on the -end-of-summer book. There is almost always someone in the shop these days and usually there is a whole crowd of people. They are going over articles, typing stencils, slipsheeting, illustrating. In the afternoon, Fred Spiegel plays the guitar and sings while we work. The important thing is to be ready for Collation, which is Monday.

One of the most important steps in publications is editing. Any article submitted must be gone over before it can be printed. It is sometimes a very painful experience, especially with a very long piece like this Journal. You sit down with a counselor and he edits some things out and makes suggestions and then you sit down at a typewriter and rewrite and rewrite. After a couple of times like this you have an article. It is very exhausting

and at times upsetting, but when you are finished you realize what a rewarding experience it has been.

August 15

Collation is in three days. It is difficult for me to comprehend that fact, and just as difficult to realize that Festival is eight days away. So I don't think about it. I just keep working as though it's never going to end.

The coming week is crammed with activities. Tonight, the Actors Workshop is presenting three more one-act plays: "Here We Are," "Mother-love," and "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern." Tomorrow night there is a Gala Concert in the music shed. Then there will be a Karl Finger folkering, the CIT production of "America Hurrah," two films ("Don Quixote" and "Baal Shem Tov," for which Raffael Adler wrote the music), a forum on the arts in America, the last square dance and campfire, distribution of the end-of-summer book, and - finally - Festival.

Since this is my last entry, I suppose I should say something profound about the summer,



# The Science Lab Conquers Mt. Tom





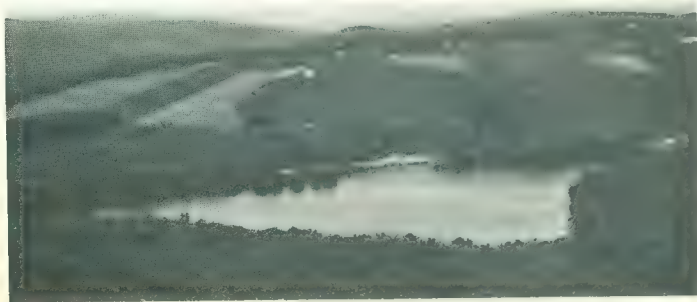
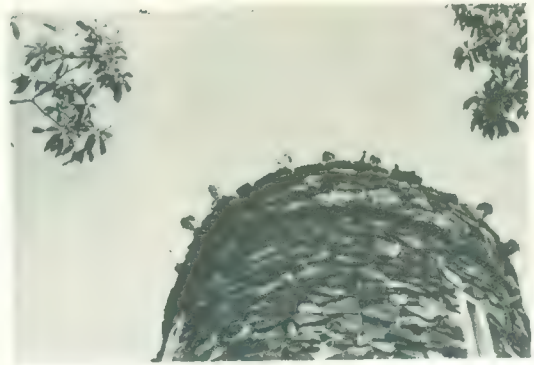


Photo Essay by Danny Matthow



## Designs in Silver

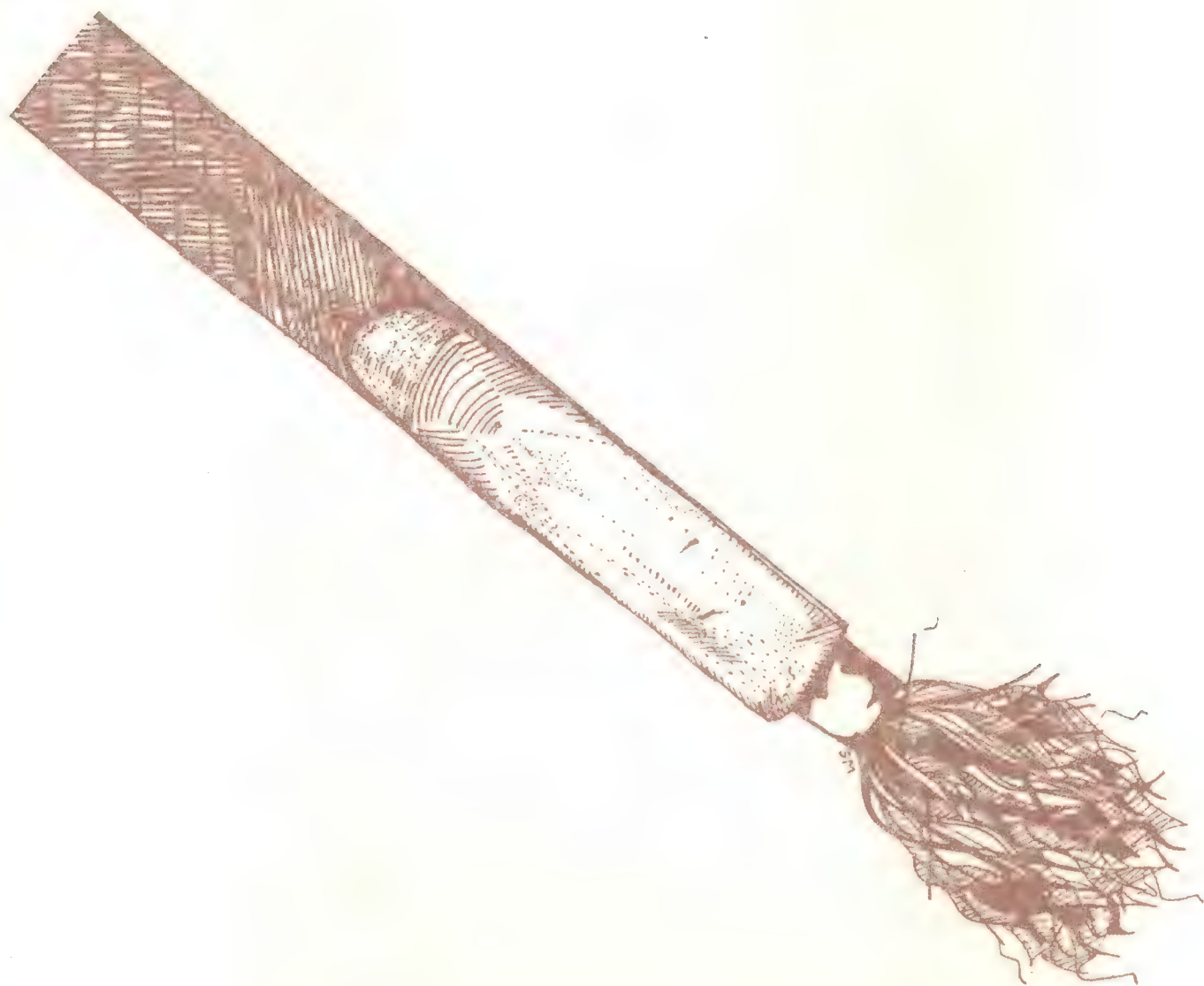


Silversmithing involves both art and craft, says Wayne Felgar, head of the silver shop. Designing the piece is art, but executing the design is a craft which involves both technique and considerations of practicality. Wayne, a professional silversmith, designs conservative and traditional rather than experimental pieces. Silver and gold should be worn and enjoyed, he says, so he doesn't make unusual but impractical pieces whose value lies only in their extreme design. He works for the appreciative individual, the one who will take pride in owning and wearing a beautiful piece of art. Wayne doesn't need to advertise, because he is assured of an appreciative audience by word-of-mouth. He says that, because of the enormous amount of jewelry now being mass-produced, well-made, hand-crafted pieces are in greater demand than ever before.

Wayne sets exceedingly high standards for himself, and expects campers who work in the silver shop to do likewise. He's disappointed, he says, in campers who want to turn out "quantity instead of quality," who leave a piece unpolished, half-buffed, or, in some way, unfinished. But he is pleased with those who work hard and learn much.

Wayne has worked in ceramics and painting and likes to be surrounded by beautiful things. His home is filled with paintings, pots, rugs. Silversmithing, to Wayne, is not so much a form of self expression as it is a means of providing useful and purposeful products, enjoyed by their creator and enjoyed by their owner and wearer.

Michelle Gale







## *"... of the Artist as a Young Teacher"*

Danny Mehlman held his first sketch class early in July. I walked into the Art Shop that morning and saw him leaning some easels against a stool. On the floor, in a cir-

cle, a group of eight sat with sketch pads on their knees and charcoal in their hands. I took a pad and some charcoal and joined them. Danny began by explaining the project, negative spaces... "When you draw," he said, you just draw the object. You don't concentrate on the spaces between the object. Well, you should. Those are the negative spaces that make the object appear." As we sketched, Danny came around to each of us, telling one person to draw larger, another to let go; showing us how to use the charcoal.

Danny says the ideas for his classes are from classes he's been to. "Joan also helps," he adds. "She's a teacher. Or we just have Tammi or Renna model." Every day Danny did something different in class. We drew the models---folded in cloth or posed on a stool---in quick sketches or from five-minute poses. We worked with different media: pencil, India ink, charcoal,

water-color. Danny was experimenting with textures and India ink. One morning we went into the woods and sketched trees.

Danny's help, combined with the practice we got in daily classes, improved my work considerably. From just the first class, my drawings became larger and different. In the course of the summer, they grew freer; my work now defines masses and shadows. Each line is different and shows flowing movement. I've learned to use and to differentiate between different media. In a way, I'm really inspired to draw and paint more, I feel as if I can draw what I'm feeling. And the ability to draw what you're feeling is basic to good work.

Danny regrets that we couldn't have more sketching trips because of the weather. He says, "It's too bad that the classes don't go on just because there is no announcement. But if I've helped the kids to draw larger and freer, and they've gotten something out of the classes, I'm happy."

Loni Walfish





Cynthiana Brown



Tamer Dames



Elaine Weinmann



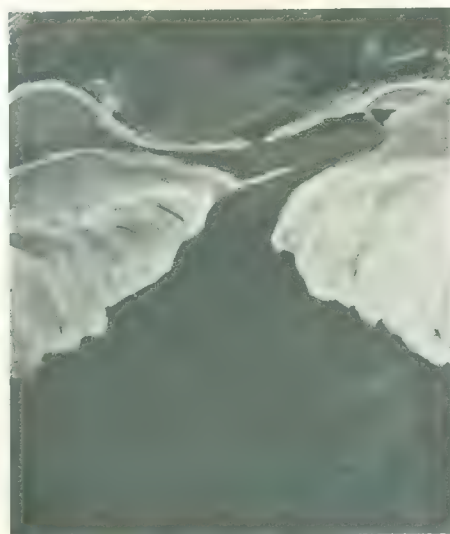
Abbott Burns



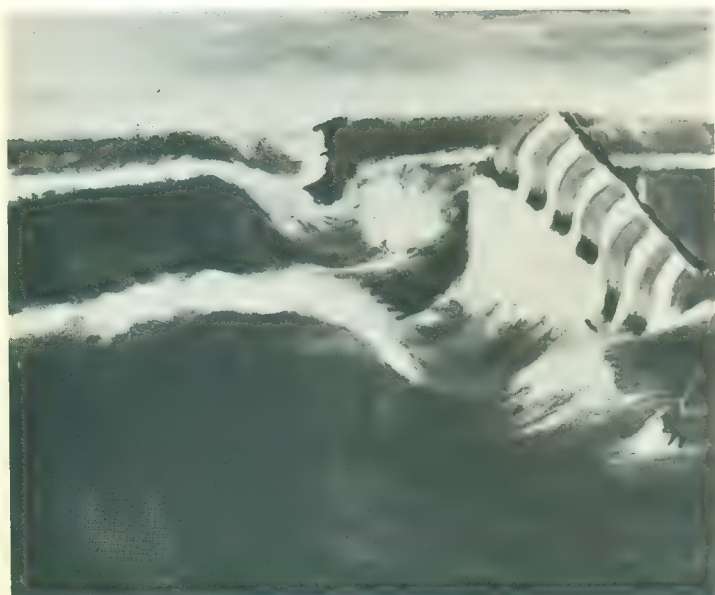
Sheila Rosenzweig



Jackie Maslow



Ted Birke



Kenny Ross



Ronnie Berlir



A photograph showing a wooden bowl and two wooden spoons. The bowl is in the center, and the spoons are to its right. The background is a light, textured surface.

## Who Says It's Uncreative?

Before I got to camp (it was my first year here at Buck's Rock) I had decided that I wouldn't spend the summer as I had my winter, working with abstracts like words and notes. I was going to build things that were solid, things that would break if you dropped them. So the first shop I went to, the first day, was the woodshop.

I stood outside the door for awhile, a little afraid to enter the awesome building that looked like it was only half-finished. Finally I gathered up enough nerve to go in. I was amazed at my first look at the equipment (artillery, it seemed) that covered the shop's interior. In front of me was a regiment of lathes and a cavalry of sawhorses. And, in tremendous, red letters on the wall was the shop's battle cry, "Keep sanding," which I was to learn so well. The shop was ready for its summer's battle to turn lifeless chunks of wood into beautiful and useful objects.

"All those who want to make bowls raise your hands." The command came from one of the shop's bearded C.I.T.'s, Paul Fisher. I did so dimly and went to work on one of the lathes. For four days I did battle with a piece of cherry,

armed with nothing but a gouge and sandpaper. And at the end of those four days I had...yes, it was actually a cherry salad bowl.

Following this conquest, I went on to larger things--a bookshelf and then a chest. I was aided by the entire staff--the C.I.T.'s, J.C.'s and the three counselors Steve Sweet, John Potter, and Dan Fromer. This summer I have spent about 300 hours in the woodshop working on my projects and watching the dozens of bowls, cutting boards, salt and pepper shakers, forks and spoons being made. And I hope to spend several summers to come there. If you don't mind the sawdust, it's a great place to work.

jon greenblatt





a few words to sum it all up. But I know that no summer can be assessed in such a manner. It involves too much. A summer isn't just the activities, or what a few writers think of them. It isn't how many pins were made in silversmithing, or how many philosophical discussions were held under the oak tree. It isn't exhaustion from late night rehearsals, or your team being number one in the Watermelon League. It isn't making a dime from the telephone company, or groaning because tonight you have chef's salad for dinner. All of these are single things, momentary actions and feelings that really don't describe the time at all. Because summer isn't definable. A summer simply is.

Suzanne Kirschner

the welded tops of the Greek terrain  
the oarsmen  
    pinnacled to a lofty idol  
and they grew to know the flickering palate  
the fire that burned in the loom  
                    or the wheel  
and we who see them touch that flame-red forest  
wait for the rising dusk



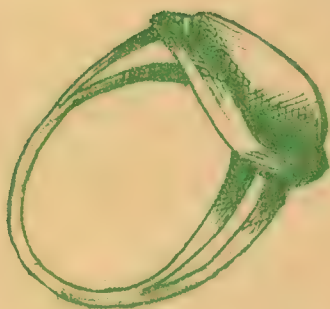




from

our

shops





Daniel Pearl



Tony Rosenzweig





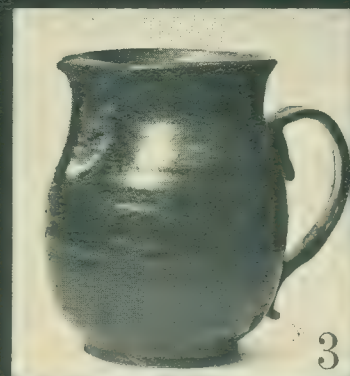
Andy Greene

# Ceramics





1. Jon Levy...3 thrown bottles: various glazes
2. Liz Rosenblum...double-bellied coiled pot: tan, brown, rust and matt glaze
3. Joe Spitz...thrown pitcher: matt brown glaze
4. Ginger Moschetta...sculpture: matt white glaze
5. Brian Camazine...thrown sculpture: brown and blue glaze
6. Carol Rubin...thrown covered jar: brown, white, and tan matt glazes
7. Steve Kasher...thrown bottle: rutile glaze
8. Rachel Matthews...two thrown pitchers
9. Jon Levy...thrown covered jar: tan matt glaze with mottled green
10. Liz Rosenblum...coiled sculpture: blue gloss and tan matt glaze
11. Buffy Shapero...sculpture: brown and tan matt glaze





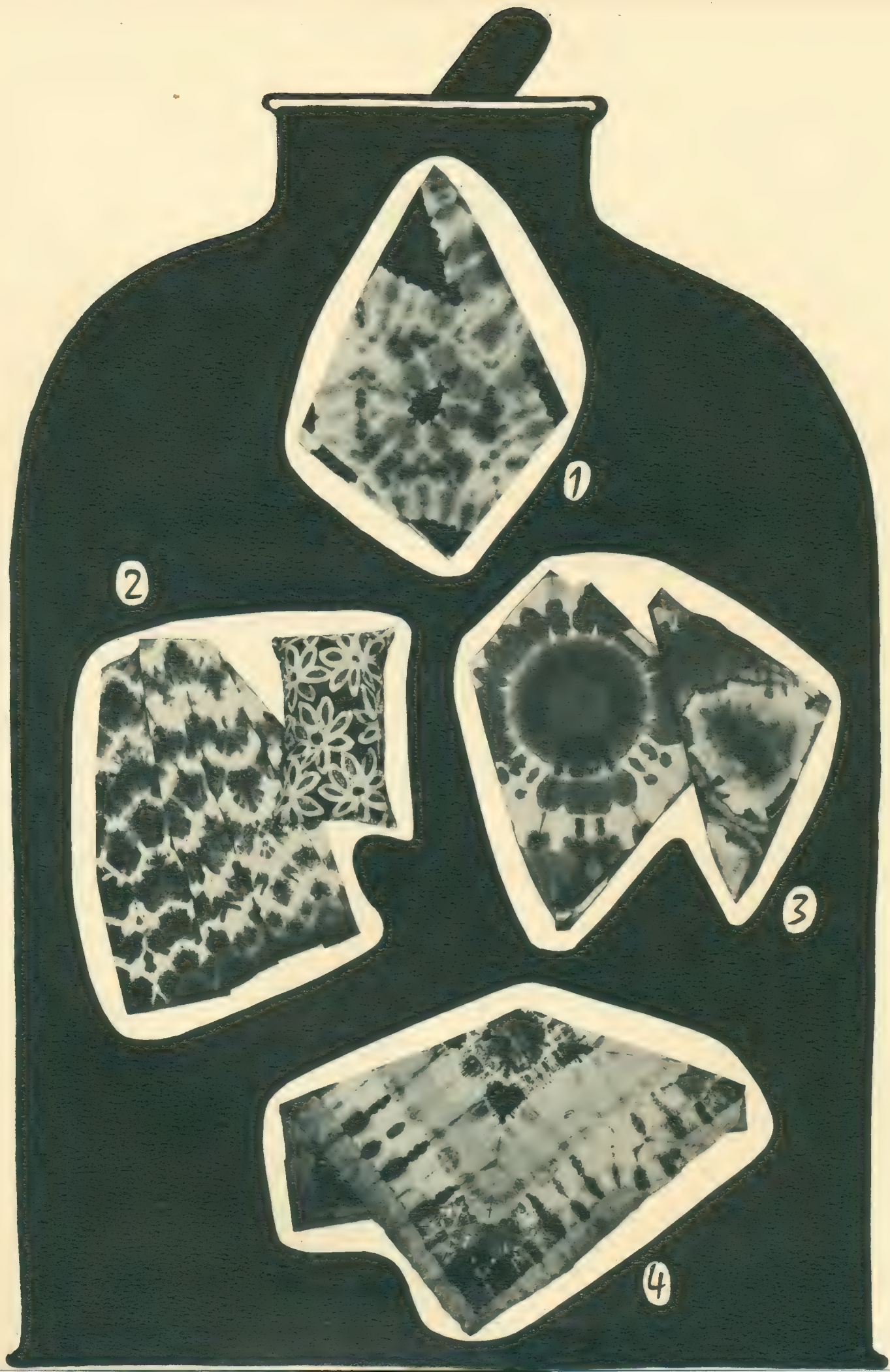


# FABRIC DESIGN

Two methods are used in the Fabric Design shop: tie-dye and batik. Both are color-resist techniques. In tie dye, the cloth is folded or pulled and then wrapped with string which prevents dye from infusing the fabric. In batik, wax is applied to form a resist, the dye is applied, and the wax is ironed off to reveal the original color of the material.

1. Nina Gerchick
2. Lauren Donner, Debbie Church
3. Diann Krevsky, Amy Waxler
4. Johnny Shimm







# *Dressmaking*



Top Photo (left to right)

1. Debbie Trupin...green flannel pants suit
2. Lisa Kinigstein...brown cotton cape and hat with gold colored cotton lining
3. Jackie Masloff...light green tunic, paisley print pants of light green and pink, pink blouse with ascot tie and full sleeves and tight wrist cuff (paisley skirt not shown)
4. Joan Friedman...small navy and white wool check cape and skirt.

Bottom Left Photo (left to right)

1. Marcy Greenberg...purple dyed cotton with black tie-dyed design
2. Joan Friedman...paisley print silk jersey with button front
3. Andrea Snyder...lined voile, pink with small flower print, puffed sleeves
4. Sue Kahn...yellow & black plaid kilt skirt

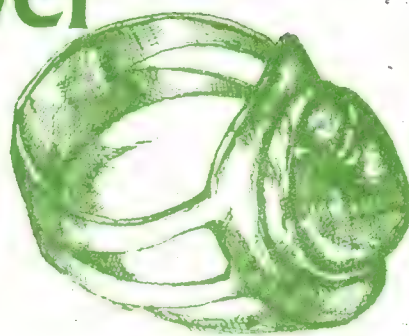
Bottom Right Photo

Joan Friedman...small lavender flower print on a tan background, full sleeves, tucked front trimmed with small rick-rack trim



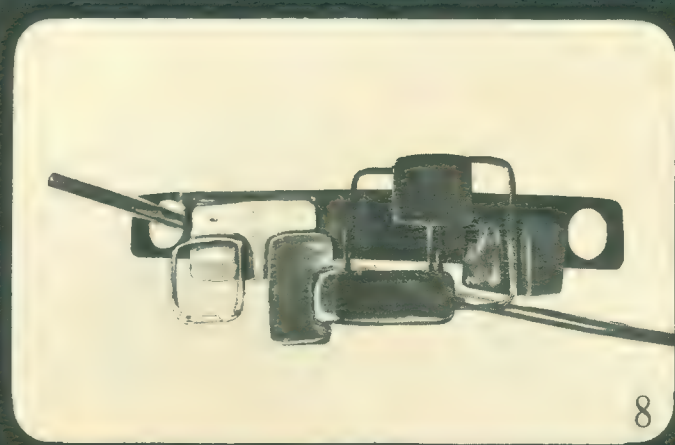
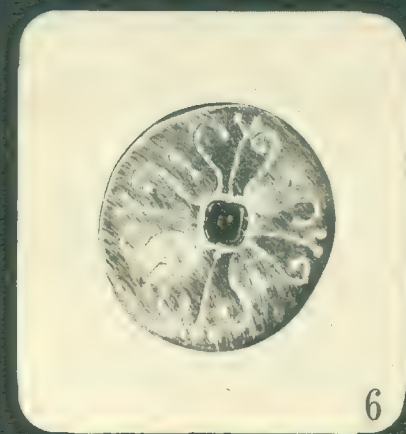


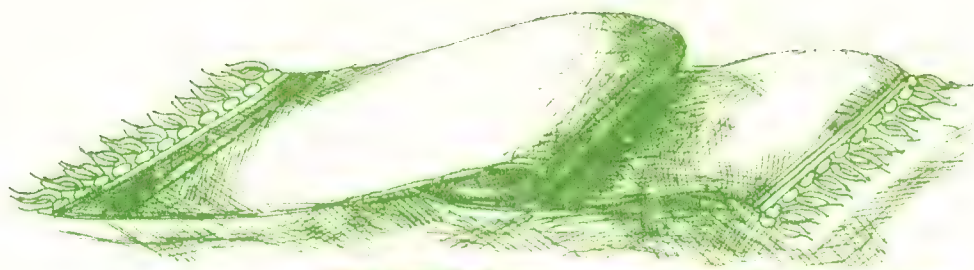
**Silver**



1. Judy Bloom...forged ring of hammered sterling wire
2. Elizabeth Rosenblum...pendant of fused wire and shot
3. Sara Binder...soldered wire with bezel-set carnelian
4. Lisa Weiner...braid fasteners: forged wire loop with moss  
agate held around braid by a rubber band
5. Robbie Lauter...multi-unit ear rings of sheet silver
6. Tracy Perkins...pin: design peirced by sawing lines
7. Judy Bloom...necklace of wire, sheet, tube separators  
and a turquoise
8. Nancy Princenthal...hair piece made from units of sheet  
and then partially oxidized



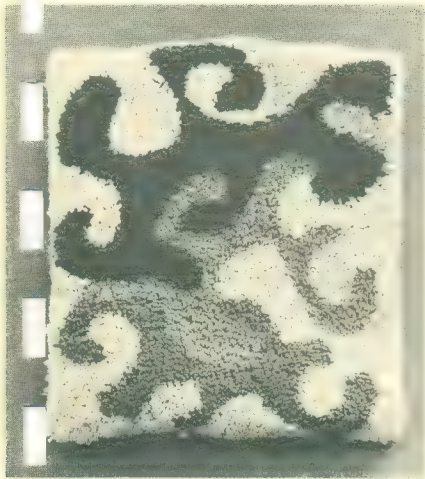




# Weaving



1. Caren Warhoftig...Hooked wall hanging
2. Hetty Friedman...Hooked wall hanging
3. Cora Seiler...Hand woven pattern shawl, mohair and cotton
4. Laura Rubin...Hand woven pattern shawl, mohair and cotton
5. Meg Kaufman...Flat and flossa rug, made on a loom
6. Same as 4



1



2



3



4



5



6





there rests a molten carcass  
mindless as a flaming moth;  
and there spins a fountain  
a dead rat shadowed by the sun  
another strand joins the spray  
crystal light prisms into  
a patterned spectrum, resting upon  
a touched faith  
under the breeze that only a fountain  
can create, the dead carcass heals  
a rotten heart  
and slowly joins a masked god



N. Reiser





Gary Carbo



Daniel Pearl

# David Jaffee on Photography

"I stumbled into photography, mainly because I never gained any degree of proficiency in other art media. I feel as though I went into photography backwards: from the technical aspects to the composition of the picture instead of the other way around.

"Photography is more than two parents standing smiling in front of a bunk.

"Photography isn't seen by the American public as art. The reason is that most of



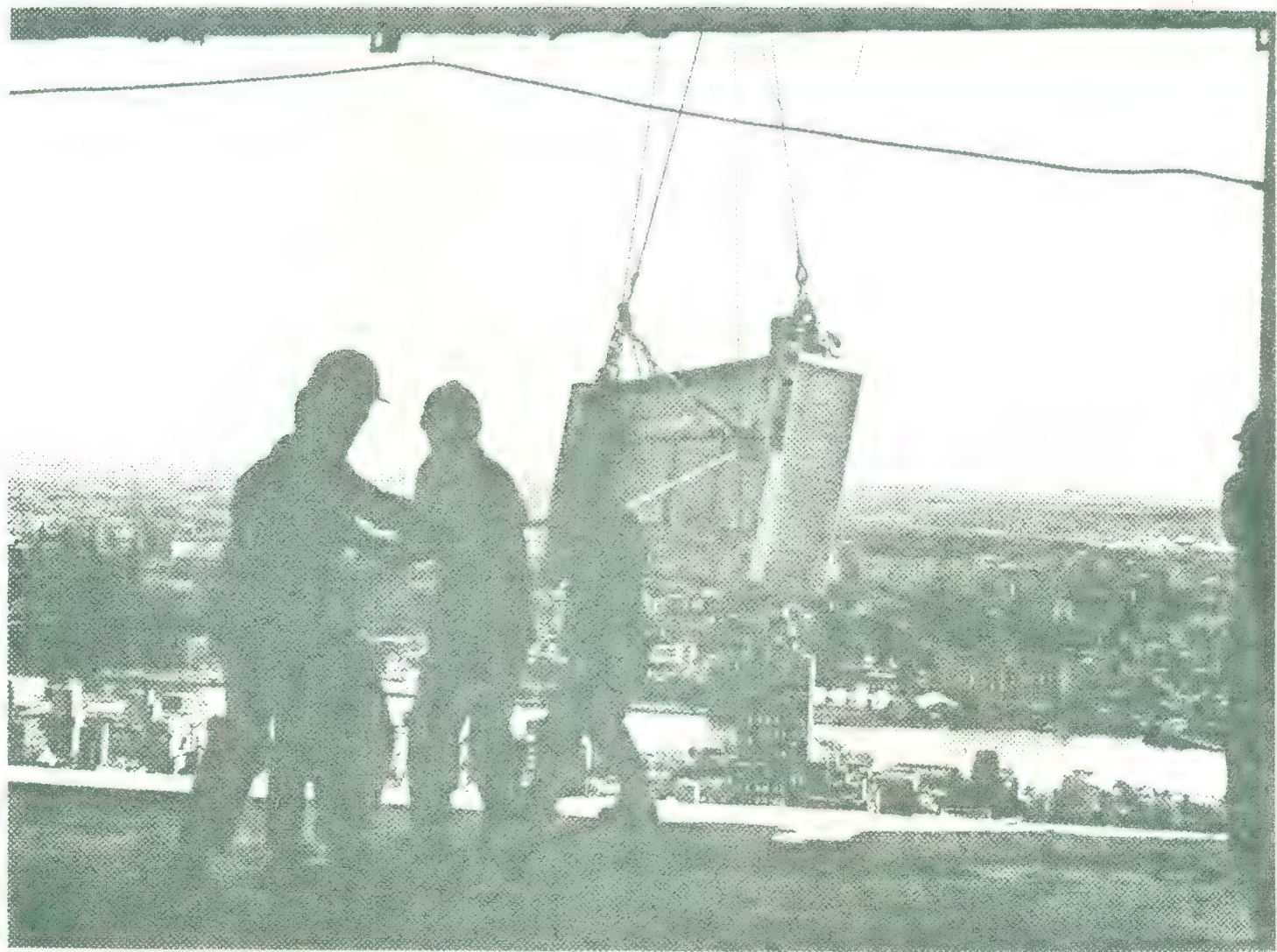
their exposure to photography has been through the news medium, which stresses the news aspect rather than the art form. Television has had much to do with this. After all, television is basically a series of moving pictures. An art photo is seen as the exception rather than the rule.

"The only equipment necessary for photography is a lens that will focus sharply and a good eye. Expensive equipment should come only after you have acquired much knowledge and interest in the art.

"I admire some of the earlier photographers; of necessity they used simple effects rather than cluttered scenes. Steichen was the master, but there were others.

"I doubt that I would ever follow a career as a professional photographer. The field is far too demanding; a high degree of consistency is mandatory. I feel photography should be a leisure sort of thing."

Reporter: Ed Hayman





# Sue Mernit on Poetry

"My poetry has really changed a lot...a couple of days ago at Tanglewood, as the Who were jumping around, I started thinking about poetry--I depend on poetry to make me happy. Poetry is a very personal form of self-expression. It reaches people because it's emotion.

"I wanted to talk about this poem because it shows a big change in my work. It's not as "I"-oriented. This poem is an attempt to be behind the poem and project feelings that way. Elise Young said that the poet should be the most important thing because the poem comes from him. Poems aren't finished things--they're just along the way.

"People or events will usually trigger off my ideas; I'll say, "Gee, that would make a nice poem," and all my emotion will go into the energy of the poem. There'll be a lot of rewrites which will only tighten up images and qualify emotions to make it a better poetic expression. For me, poetry is something that's never finished. My works haven't stopped changing at all. They're successful in that they'll do a certain thing that I want, but that's all. Publication is nice, and it's reassuring, but I hope that my poetry will help me become part of a poetic community and spend my life with and around people who are creative."

Reporter: Mary Cherney

# Margery Pearl on Drawing

"My drawing is out of a fantasy world. I'm not as happy drawing something real. I'll draw something real but I'll still insist on adding things to it to make it unrealistic.

"I couldn't draw a scene of woods, mountains, trees, grass---and then have a train or telephone wires going through it. But anything that's not man-made, anything natural, I'll draw.

"I exaggerate detail in my drawing; it's an attempt to make the imagination the most important thing."

Reporter: Connie Dvorkin



YES, THE SKY

In this cryptic universe  
    whose waters tightly swirl  
    the grabbing wind drinks up sorrow  
tears rip these pages    dis-  
                    appear

    this time means nothing to me  
        looking,    you know

    patterns rise and  
        expand  
        nature listings of earth, sky, green  
the stones forgotten to call  
        out of action fumbles word  
        you have gone and left a poem  
        to make it right again.

and let fine grasses get their due  
    wind coloring some trees

Susan Mernit





# Fred Yockers on Filmmaking

"Film is a learning process...it lets you discover your senses...

"No part of my film is unnatural...I didn't want to make a bitter film, I wanted to make a nice film, a loving film. Why film? I had an idea and I didn't want to write it...I wanted to go through the creative process of planning a film, shooting and editing it...with filmmaking you create an experience for yourself while you're doing it, then you show your experience to the world...film opens your eyes to what's around you but if you take too much on, if you try to be too ambitious, you never see anything.

"No one person makes a film alone. America made this film for me. Things were in the film that I hadn't planned... America tore down the estate (where we filmed) while I was filming. This made the film bitterly ironic. I hadn't meant it to be that way; America made it that way.

"When I join VISTA this winter I'd like to take twenty or thirty kids and make a film as the basis of a group relationship. I think they'd like to do something and then see themselves do it. But I'd just supervise, you know, like an outside influence."

Reporters: Tammi Nyman  
Amy Shachter



Last spring Fred Yockers helped a boy discover his senses for himself by making him the star of a film. Jimmy was filmed first in and around his home and then at a fantasy-like estate on Long Island. The contrast between the areas is accented by the home area (Harlem) being shot in black and white and the estate sequences in color. In doing the film, Jimmy learned about himself and his relationship with others---he was as important as people ten years older than he.



# Larry Singer on Silkscreening

"This was derived from a few doodles I did a couple of years ago...doodles give me something to do when a class bores me, but in this instance I saw something serious: a geometrically perfect sun behind a globby mass of foliage...there's a certain strange quality here, a surrealism as in a Beardsley print...

I look at things in terms of pictures. I can spend five minutes or more looking at a tree, or at something I like, in terms of pictures...I'd much rather get ideas than paint.

"For a silkscreen like this it's so difficult to do four layers of color; on a canvas I could get more colors and greater detail...in this case the silkscreen works well, but other forms attract me more. I'm most involved now with pencil sketching."

Question: "Why are you an artist?"

Answer: "Because I am."

Reporter: David Keepnews





# Susan Shore & Suzanne Kirschner on Songwriting

Susan Shore:

"I don't consider myself an artist. I write for myself, because I like to.

"My writing is fantasy, an extension of a daydream, a fairytale.

"The most fantastic thing that can happen is to be fully understood...communication is the most beautiful thing in the world."

Reporter: Carol Barsky

Suzanne Kirschner:

"My songs are more a musical endeavor than an expression of feeling.

"It's easiest to match the music with the theme of solitude; it's the easiest thing for me to talk about.

"A song is a much more coherent unit than other written forms...I feel I must make a statement in my songs.

"I love music...I like to try my hands at as many things as I can...I like to create."

Reporter: Carol Miller

song by Susan Shore

Once u-pon a time he came and once u-pon a time he left the  
 hea-vens were grey Once u-pon a time the dew was on the  
 win-dow sill, then it was dry Time con-fuse-s me im a-  
 fraid of grow-ing old! My bones will sleep; my flesh will grow  
 wrin-kled and cold.

Once upon a time he came and  
 Once upon a time he left  
 The heavens were gray  
 Once upon a time the dew was on the windowsill  
 then it was dry  
 Time confuses me, I'm afraid of growing old  
 My bones will sleep, my flesh will grow wrinkled and cold.

Sitting on the lawn and reading ancient plays and painting  
 face appearances receive  
 Within your heart, within your soul, within the time that  
 binds us all you will learn to see  
 Hear how she cries, "oh tell me where my prince has gone!"  
 He rode away on a milk-white steed and melted with the dawn!"

Sitting down and waiting for raindrops  
 waiting for words to  
 shine on a page a  
 poet may dream  
 Dreamers glow and dream of poems and want a life and wait  
 to live an Odyssey  
 Snow White waits for her lover to come  
 She blinds her eyes staring into the dawn.



Song by  
Suzanne Kirschner

**A**

**B**

**A** Sacred sounds, ancient in their hue  
spinning tops, sour cherry drops  
they've all bid me adieu

**A** Purple day, sea and melon night  
I can catch the sun if I'm not  
blinded by the night

**B** Breathe deep the grass is hard  
the rain a spray of needle drops.

**A** Clouds of come, cloaked in regal gray  
witness to the madness and the  
splendor of the day

**B** dusk and the rosy sky  
is fierce, she thirsts her daily blood.

(a short interlude: the chords G F C D G F C D)

**A** I see the truth, piercing love's disguise  
tranquil hearts and plaintive souls  
aren't measured with the eyes

**A** I look beyond image and illusion  
seeking rest from wanting things  
gained only in confusion

**B** What of the bitterness,  
the rhetoric,  
the music now?

**A** the time has come, bats encircling fly  
from the dark and gruesome cave  
they're striving for the sky.

# Abbot Burns on Painting

Some people paint because they're frustrated. I just paint because I like painting--it gives me a very good feeling to know that I can do something that will make my life more fulfilled.

It started last year here at Buck's Rock. I'd been sketching for two weeks when Joan asked me if I wanted to try a canvas. The first painting, using a prepared sketch, wasn't very good. But later we had a class where a model came to sit for us and the painting was completely spontaneous...

Still there was something--I didn't know what--missing. I found out later that I had lacked a real feeling for painting in general and for my own paintings. This feeling was to grow on me; it built up inside me as I went on painting and sketching. I've really gotten to love it.

I'm searching for themes now, for my own personal style, but I'm really more interested in learning and learning about painting.





I felt very excited while painting this. Often I can get really involved in a painting and that feeling is like a permanent elation. It's almost an indescribable feeling.



I felt really sick that day; I had just gotten out of the infirmary and didn't know where I was...very dismal and unclear.

# Judy Sheine on Sculpture

"One of my main purposes in sculpture is shock or surprise. If you were to paint a kangaroo, it wouldn't be so surprising; that's a pretty normal thing to do. But if one looked at a life-sized model of a kangaroo, it's a very surprising thing. You know---why would anyone want to do a life-sized thing of a kangaroo?

"Sculpture can be made realistic; you can make it life-sized and people will think it's really real. A painting doesn't generally seem real. With sculpture it's total form, it's everything you can touch, in three dimensions.

"I sculpted a life-sized man. Originally, he ~~was~~ supposed to be hanging and that would have been extremely surprising---to come into a room and see a plaster person hanging from a noose. At first glance it looked rather real... I was eventually talked out of it...

"I like making animals; it's another thing with surprise, I suppose. I mean, why would I want to do a sculpture of a rock?"

Reporter: Glenn Kolleeny







# Amie Fern on Graphics

"I think of etching and my art as an extension of my life, like eating and sleeping. It's just something I do. I don't sit down and say, 'Now I'm going to do an etching.'

"Sometimes I get an inspiration and rush to put it down; sometimes I just start putting down vague lines. I like to work spontaneously---I do have forethought and ideas beforehand, but I don't think them out too specifically, so there will always be room for improvement.

"When I work, all my ideas are working together. Sometimes I get specific visual images and ideas; sometimes I just get a vague feeling ---a visual feeling because I always react to things visually---but it's not an image.

"A big thing about any artist is the way he reacts to his surroundings. As a visual artist, I react consciously to texture, color, line, form, composition. An artist should always be sensitive to his environment.

"I think it's this way with little



children, discovering things for the first time, the grain of wood, the shape of a rock. In that way I think an artist should always be like a child.

"An artist should be so acutely aware and inspired all the time that he shouldn't have any time to be depressed.

"A lot of people look at an artist as someone who's just able to draw. But what's more important about an artist is his way of life, and art is his way of life. Any artist must realize that art requires total involvement.

"When I think of an artist I think of anyone involved in any of the arts. I don't see why 'artist' usually refers to someone involved in the visual arts, and others are called dancers, musicians, actors, etc. All the arts are interconnected because all art is life. And all the arts deal with the same basic things: movement, color, and form, though they are used in different ways in the different arts.

"I guess all art is a form of communication. It's funny, though, when I'm painting I'm actually communicating, but it's when I'm least communicative with people. And I'm putting all my emotions into a piece of work, and often I find I'm putting



in little secrets about myself.

"I don't know if being an artist is any different from being anyone else. I suspect it is.

"I don't know if art has a place in the real world. I think most people could get along without it. (Most artists--- at least I do--- experience such strong emotions, reactions, and feelings that I wonder if it's at all comprehensible) even to other artists, though I think they understand better.

"When any student starts out he can't be completely devoid of influences. I was very influenced by Matisse and a lot of my paintings came out 'Matissey', but they were mine. (This year I started understanding more about art and how it affects me.) And now this summer--well (this etching is something like I've never done before. It's really all my own; I've gotten away from copying. There's a great deal of experimentation in it--- even though it may not appear that way.)

("I can like something I've done but I'm never really satisfied. I always have to go further.) The worst thing that can happen to an artist is getting into a rut.

("I really do live in a fantasy world.")









winged evening touching,  
from wing-tip to wing-tip  
the sun to its earth  
softly crumbles under a  
vaulting night  
encrusting jewels in a  
reddening flute  
seep, fleeting sunset,  
under hills  
break, loving night, your  
sleep and mount a waxing  
throne









# From the Director's Chair

The plays selected for production by the Buck's Rock Summer Theatre follow no definite pattern. Some may be a part of theatre history or newly translated and therefore not readily available to a contemporary theatre audience. A play that has merit, and yet failed to be a "success" in the commercial theatre may be a production on our stage. Theatre that is commercial and accessible (American musicals for instance) are not a valid experience for Buck's Rockers. The chance to view theatre that is unfamiliar, enlarges one's scope and illuminates the vast background of theatre history. Theatre of every age and every nationality should be viewed here. To have an appreciation of theatre, people need an understanding of its past.

For years, people have called the theatre "The Fabulous Invalid" and they worried that "the theatre was dying." The theatre is dead and dying only when it is titillating and empty of ideas. It's true that new methods of communication like television, multi-media and the movies tend to weaken the theatre's impact, but the stage still offers the chance to witness an unusual communal emotional living moment. The theatre, like any art form, reflects, comments and exposes its own time and place in history. Ideas that disturb,



disrupt and elevate humanity, eventually have their dialogue on the stage. Probably the most exciting thing happening on our theatre scene is the evolvement of a Black Theatre, whose critical and perceptive voice is the force that is making the new, moral, creative and artistic contribution.

Experimental and avante-garde ideas and plays should be part of a Theatre Workshop project where a deadline (necessitated by production) does not interfere with the time to be spent on any project. Such projects are exploratory and fulfillment is based on personal accomplishment where the possibility of failure is recognized. The New-Underground-Radical-Living Theatre-Street Theatre-Environments-Happenings-Off-Broadway approaches should be discussed, worked on and presented. Their contribution to what is happening today is exciting and valuable and helps to extend the range of theatre.

I feel the purpose of Buck's Rock is to expose people to as many different experiences as possible. This philosophy is part of the drama program. I feel obliged to involve those people who express an interest in the theatre area. Plays with small or predominantly male casts are reluctantly discarded. It is unrealistic to work with a few people when seventy-five or eighty persons show up to tryouts. There is enough in the library of theatre to find material that will make for a meaningful, rewarding experience. The physical side of the program is never overlooked. The music, costumes, stage sets and light plots are worked out utilizing the imagination of all concerned so the fullest creative production is realized.

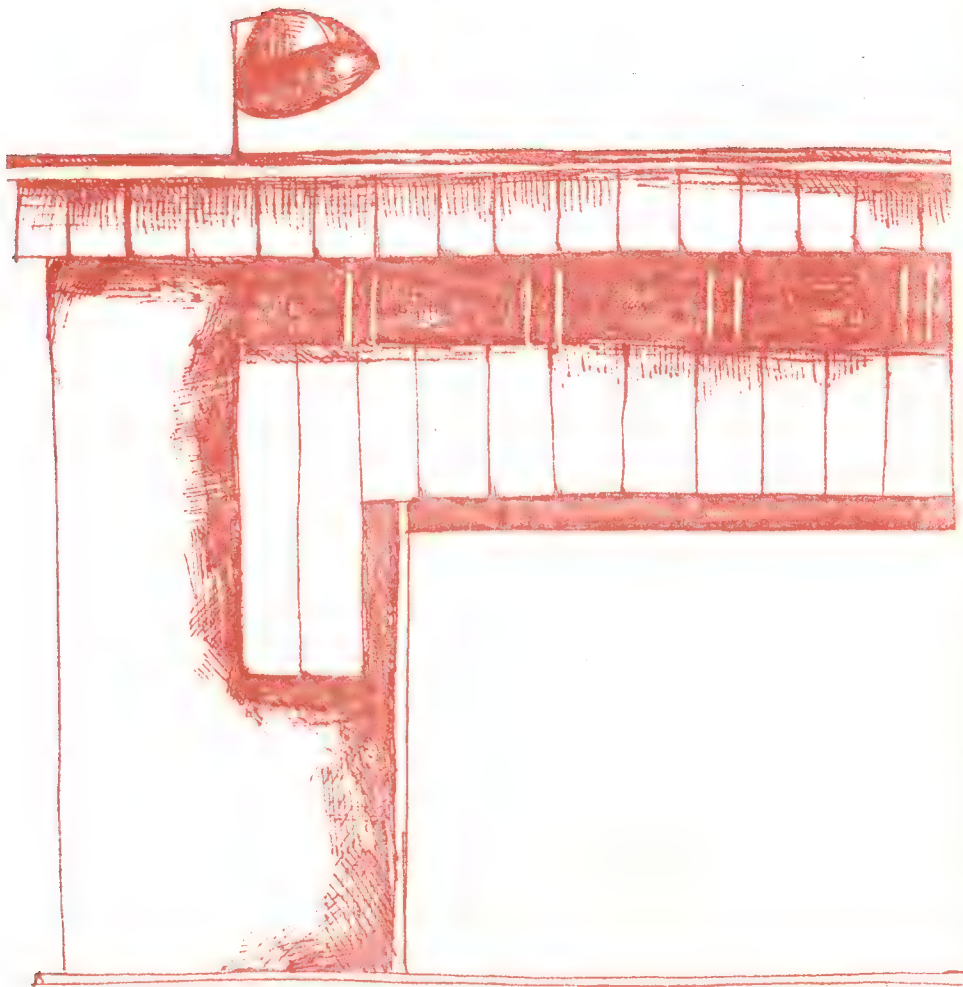
Ionesco, Ibsen, Giraudoux, Moliere, Wilder, Andrejev, Capek, Kaufman & Hart, Frisch, Pirandello, Gogol, Albee, Duerenmatt, Lorca are some of the authors who have come alive on our stage.

The theatre at Buck's Rock has been alive and exciting and I hope I have been able to stimulate some excitement into the "Fabulous Invalid."

Bill Korff, Director  
Buck's Rock Summer Theatre



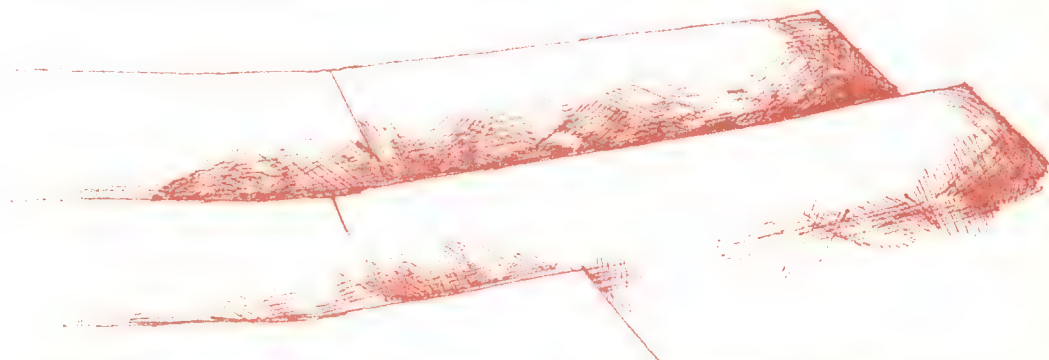
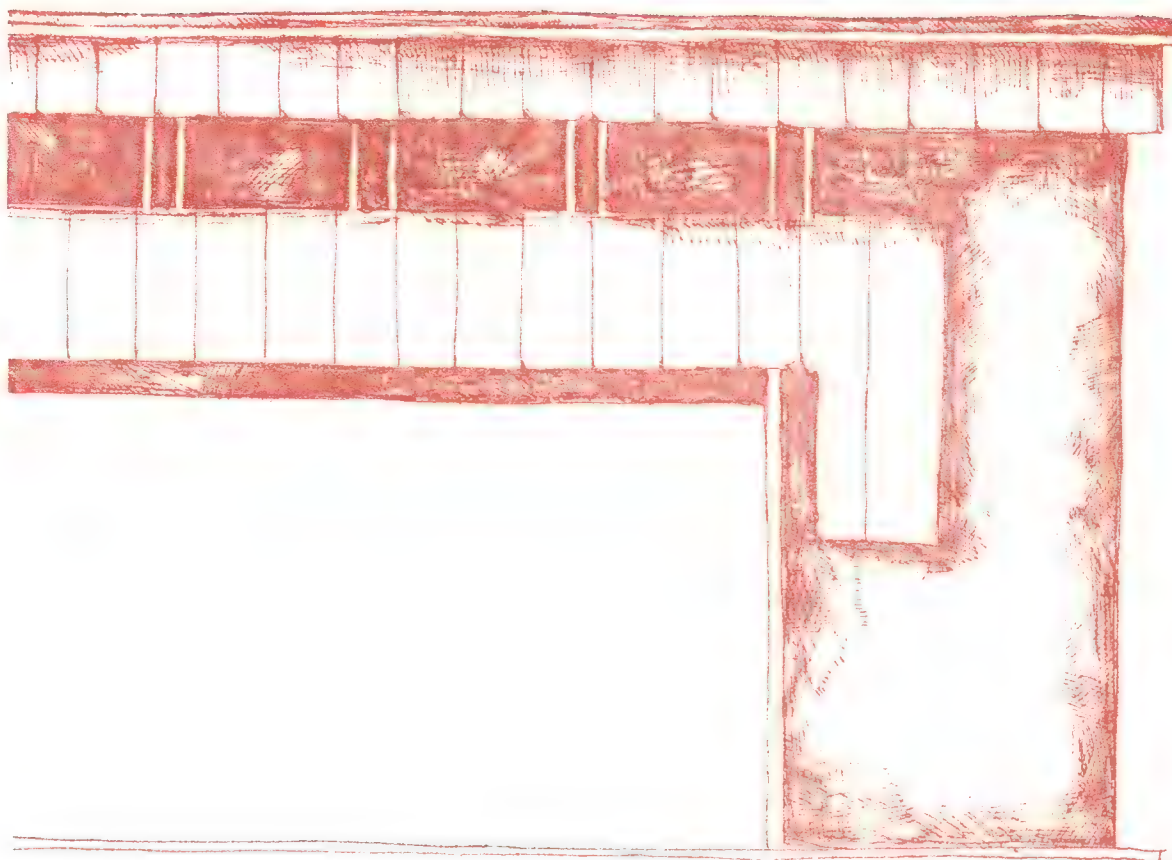




## ...A WONDERFUL WAY TO SPEND TWO WEEKS

"It is fun to do something nobody else has done even if you are not sure it will be a hit," says Bill Korff, director of the Buck's Rock Summer Theatre. He selected "Sheepwell" ("Fuente Ovejuna") as the first production of the 1969 season primarily for the opportunity it provided to experiment. "I wanted to give Lope de Vega a chance," he says. "In his time, de Vega wrote what were considered great works for the theatre. But because there are no modern translations of his plays, they tend to sound stilted." To eliminate as much of the archaic language as possible, Bill used a combination of several old translations in preparing the script for Buck's





Rock.

The setting of "Sheepwell" is about as far removed from Buck's Rock as any play that has ever been produced here: a cast of twentieth century American teenagers was to play a group of fifteenth century Spanish villagers. At a meeting of the cast after the dress rehearsal, one of the actors pointed out that although the play is far removed from us in time and space, it still has relevance insofar as Fuente Ovejuna is a town in revolution.

Producing "Sheepwell" presented several problems for the cast and for Bill. "When a director works on a play," says Bill, "he usually forms some vision of what the finished production will look like at some time during rehearsal. But with only two weeks to



prepare, there is not enough time for this, and, before you know it, it's opening night." He points out that, in general, it is easier to produce a contemporary play than an older one like "Sheepwell."

One of the actresses in the cast said that working intensively for two weeks is a change from working once a week in drama school. "There," she said, "I have enough time to try out several approaches to a dramatic problem, but here, if any approach works, I keep it." Another actress remarked that Lope de Vega's style differs from the style of modern plays in a fundamental way: " 'Sheepwell,' unlike modern plays, doesn't have the superficial psychological symbols that camouflage basic human feelings. In "Sheepwell," works translate directly into emotion."

Most of the cast said that at the time of the first readings and rehearsals they doubted that the play could be performed successfully. They were all happily surprised with dress rehearsal, especially with the riot scene, which used special lighting, and the torture scene, in which the villagers were beaten by the inquisitors in a silhouette against a green backdrop.

There were several other comments on how costuming and scenery aided the production. One actor said that he had never before been in a play where the costumes and props were so "alive." Another said, "just putting on my uniform made me admire what the costume shop had done." The costume he wore as a soldier displayed





a red cross on a yellow tunic. Many of the actors felt that the atmosphere created by these fifteenth century costumes helped them to capture the feeling of the period and to assume their roles.

Although one actor thought that the time spent on the play was "a waste of effort," since only one performance was given, most agreed that it was "a wonderful way to spend two weeks." One was excited just to be involved in a production and said, "If I were sitting in the audience, I probably wouldn't have paid attention to the lines." Said another, "Being on stage builds my ego---now I feel better about myself." Another, "The theatre is a displacement vehicle---you can let out your frustrations in the guise of someone else."

The actor who played the lead said that his part came almost by accident: "While I was sitting on the porch, Bill asked me if I would like to read. I enjoyed reading and hearing my own voice---a very pleasant thing to hear---and it was very enjoyable to get involved and see what goes on backstage." One of the actresses stressed that it was "the people in the production that made working on the play enjoyable." She said that, at first, all the people seemed the same; everyone was just another face at the meeting. Then, as rehearsals went on, they all got to know each other better. "I liked the closeness that arose because we were all working toward one goal."

And what of Bill's thoughts for opening night? "If we can give a lively insight into medieval Spain, I will feel we have succeeded and that the evening was worthwhile."

Jonathan Victor





## yet there is a method to it...

The Actors Workshop exists to teach some basic principles of acting, to give the student actor a real or pragmatic concept of the nature of acting, and to arouse within him those forces which will enable him to create spontaneously. The principles and exercises are those of Stanislavski, Grotowski, Michael Chekov, and others. All kinds of exercises are done, but the emphasis is on the nature of objectives (the goal or need of an actor or character) and on actions (the things one must do to accomplish the objective). Ensemble playing, communication, listening and reading are also emphasized as well as characterization---one of the last elements to be added.

The following exercise, which took place with five workshop members; is typical of workshop procedures. Its approach is drawn from Michael Chekov's book, To The Actor.

(The actors are in a circle.)

Bob: (Instructor) Please remain silent and try to establish some kind of communication between each individual in the group. You may walk around or do anything, but try to stay with each other; open yourself to the other person and try to see what particular mood or feeling you get from each other.

Charles: Why do we bother doing this?

Andy: You have to try to establish a rapport, which means some

kind of a relationship with the other actors. That's why.

Bob: Yes, but you have to be aware of what is going on about you, and know how the other actor, the character in a play feels.

(The actors are silent. When a sufficient atmosphere of communication is arrived at, we continue.)

Bob: Now, keeping the contact you have established, and remaining silent, you will perform an action as a group. It could be sitting down, jumping around, anything...

(Each member of the group lifts his left foot, and laughter arises. This part of the exercise is repeated and all then tap their feet with their hands while sitting with knees drawn up. Only Marcia doesn't do this.)

Bob: Why didn't you perform the action which the group apparently wanted? Weren't you with them?

Marcia: If you have to look, it makes you uncomfortable.

Bob: Your job is now to ask yourself why you resist the contact, and what this means in terms of acting problems which might arise in different sorts of roles. You are excellent at characterizations and in impersonations, I know, but you have to continue working on that resistance as an acting problem.

In the next part of the exercise, the group decides on the locale for an improvisation. They all want to be, or the majority do, in a castle. They then assign themselves the following roles:

Rachel: A suit of armour

Andy: A mad scientist

Marcia: the Mad Scientist's creation

Peter: the guy he is experimenting on

Charles: Igor, the Mad

The attempt is to continue the group feeling which creates an atmosphere for the scene, with each person playing his own character, objectives, and actions-- but all together.

The contact continues for some time, until it becomes lost in conflict. All kinds of things happen: various experiments; the suit of armor being worn by the mad scientist's creation; the search for subjects on which to experiment, which leads to kidnappings from the local village. Peter is turned into a mouse and then duplicated; the creation, to the horror of all, escapes. The improvisation is spontaneous and, like any play, has a life of its own.

The session concludes with an analysis of all this and the assignment to think about all the things involved.





## The Dancer is the Dance

Stanley Berke, professional dancer, teacher, and director of the dance program at Buck's Rock finds modern dance fulfilling "because it permits the individual to explore the forces that shape the inner fabric and come to terms with ourselves, in relation to our contemporary world."

Modern dance began as a rebellion against the conformity of ballet. "Ballet is aristocratic," Stanley explains. "The dancer is moving on a vertical and horizontal axis, trying to conquer gravity. Modern dance is barefoot and earthbound. The dancer moves and creates spheres of action. The space spirals and spins in curvilinear directions. The body contracts and releases, falls and recovers." Ballet has its own vocabulary of defined positions, steps, and combinations. The modern dancer utilizes the same vocabulary to discover his own language.

Stanley thinks it essential that all modern dancers be motivated and disciplined, that they have train-



ing and commit themselves passionately. "The dancer must discipline himself if the body is going to be the vehicle for revealing experience, project ideas, abstract shapes, communicate the landscape of the human mind and body. The dancer is the dance.

Stanley's studies at Bennington College "only partially" prepared him for a professional career as a dancer. "I had gotten a very good training in dance," he says, "but I wasn't prepared, emotionally or otherwise, to go into the long period of apprenticeship required by the established companies in New York. I worked at the Martha Graham studio for a time but I found it had become a rigid and doctrinaire kind of training. I began to move out and learn what is needed to be learned to work with a number of independent choreographers and finally found my niche as a character dancer. Hence, today, I refer to my dancing and choreography as eclectic."

Stanley enjoys teaching at Buck's Rock. He feels that he can relate to young people, and that he can teach, or show them what they want to learn: "From my point of view, Buck's Rock is an almost ideal place to teach dance. Here we have eight weeks of concentrated, intensive work. In the course of these eight weeks we can achieve what would take two years or more with my dance classes in the city. But perhaps more important, we have the facilities to put on a full scale dance production: the lighting and sound, the scenery, the costumes, the excellent stage. Production serves as a powerful magnet, a focus for the efforts of the dancers. We can do nothing like that in the city."

Stanley has been at Buck's Rock for three summers (this is his third) and he teaches at the New Dance Group Studio in New York City during the winter. Every summer he finds a certain number of new dancers who had not thought of dancing when they came up, but who become interested when they see dance rehearsals: "It takes a good deal of courage," Stanley says, "to expose yourself in the way that a dancer is exposed. The dancer has to overcome any feelings of embarrassment or timidity about exposing his body, for it is precisely that exposure and vulnerability which make it possible for him to use his body as an expressive instrument."

Does he ever get tired or bored teaching dance? "I find each new dancer that I come in contact with has his or her own feelings to express and most often in a new way. The ideas and materials of daily experience are a source for exploring emotional values and body skills. I am constantly learning about dance and the human being as I teach. The most elementary aspects of dance I re-examine and find in them new facets and interest. When this is no longer the case I will stop and do something else."

Carol Anne Seidelman





## ...about dance

excerpts from an interview on August 10, the day after Dance Night, with Amy Bauman, Lisa Kraus, and Stanley Berke, three members of the dance department.

Amy and Lisa are J.C.'s of dance. Amy choreographed "Later for the Fish" and "Canto Jondo," a solo, for Dance Night; Lisa choreographed a group dance, "Earthly Delights (Lisa's Dream-dance)." Stanley, who heads the dance program, choreographed "Terpsichore," "And When I Die," and "Invocations."

HOW DOES DANCE DIFFER FROM THE OTHER ARTS? DO YOU THINK THAT DANCE IS COMPARABLE TO, SAY, MODERN POETRY OR MODERN MUSIC?

Lisa: It's hard to compare dance to poetry. You can compare it in terms of structure and things like that. But in dance, the vehicle is you...your body...it's not words and it's not some instrument or strings, and it's not a hammer or chisel.

THEN DANCE IS A VERY PERSONAL MEDIUM OF EXPRESSION. WHEN YOU DANCE IS IT AN EMOTIONAL RELEASE?

Amy: If I'm angry I'll yell and scream and I'll yell it out, and I'll feel good by the time I get out of the